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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is clear there will be a conference on the Lords question, but nothing is officially settled. Mr. Asquith could, or would, only say in the House that he was in communication with Mr. Balfour and hoped to meet him. All would like to get this unpleasant business out of the way, if it can be done with honour. Mr. F. E. Smith, in a letter to the "Times", lays down, as the two conditions precedent of any settlement, that the Upper House shall be in a position to ensure appeal to the electorate before a great legislative change is made, and that it shall do this impartially. This one may easily grant; but the question is, How? We have never even heard of a specific for keeping parties in the Upper House permanently equal. The only other way to secure impartiality is to make the Upper House a permanent Commission of Judges outside the party system. This neither party would even consider.

Meantime party politics are dead; though the unfortunate candidates at Hartlepool and in East Dorset have to make believe that they are alive. Flogging a dead horse is not much fun. But when it is agreed that foreign politics are not to be discussed and the only domestic controversy anyone cares a rap about is also "hors concours", what fight can there be in an election? Tariff Reform happily is always with us, but it is not the thing of the moment. Only the madness of a General Election can quicken the public into thinking of two things at the same time.

Limehousing Conservative Dukes is one thing—Limehousing Liberal Countesses quite another. If Mr. A. B. Markham and Mr. Belloc looked through the "Daily News", "Morning Leader", and other Radical papers which ordinarily sneer at the rich, they must have recognised this. The idea of Mr. Markham of course was from the Radical point of view praiseworthy enough—it was to hold up the "feudal interest" in the counties as hateful and despotic and

corrupt. Yes, but with gaucherie which is one of the most dreadful things in the world Mr. Markham seized the wrong moment to blurt it out. Why did he not wait till there was something to trump up against some Conservative Countess? O for a political Du Maurier to illustrate "things which ought to have been said differently" or at a different time!

Mr. Markham no doubt honestly believes that the ruling class, "the feudalists", in the country districts are tyrants who make their men vote Tory: this appears to be the first article in the political creed of the family. Sir Joseph Paxton might surely have told his grandsons a different story. Still, there it is, and Mr. Markham hugs it with passionate sincerity. Yet really so able a man should recognise that many of the "magnates" of iron and coal and steel are not as keen on getting their candidates in as are the "territorialists". If the men in the coal mines and works of Mr. Markham took to tariff reform would not he press them—by eloquence—to vote the Markham ticket instead? We feel sure that he and his agents would soon get their men to vote against tariff reform and Conservatism.

Sir Henry Dalziel is another knight belonging to the same round table as Mr. Markham and Mr. Belloc, though he differs from them intellectually. But where they only tilt against Lady Wimborne, he tilts, when the heroic mood is on him, against Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. He has taken a weapon out of the armoury of the very man he is resolved to thrust down. Sir Henry Dalziel is the knight of the "big stick" in Parliament just now. He laid it about the Foreign Secretary this week! He feels his power! Does he not direct or edit "Reynolds", and has he not for main contributor Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who has the run of Downing Street?

Lord Wolverhampton has retired from the Government, and Lord Beauchamp has been added to it. We cannot say the Cabinet is thereby greatly weakened or strengthened. Lord Wolverhampton has been out of fashion for some years. Yet once, say twenty years ago, Sir Henry Fowler was very nearly essential to a Liberal Government. Men then talked about his wisdom in council and his judgment as if there were

something almost mysterious about him. Both sides held that he was essentially "a sound man". A born Chancellor of the Exchequer was perceived in him by old and middle-aged parliamentary hands. Gladstone was certainly one of his admirers.

On the other hand, mocking youth has sometimes jeered at his weight of wisdom. His style in debate was greatly admired by those who admired it. We found it somewhat heavy. It sometimes invited sleep on warm summer days. It was solemn, even oracular. Sir Henry Fowler's speeches appealed greatly to Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Chaplin's greatly to Sir Henry Fowler. Sir Henry Fowler certainly had the way of statesmanship about him, and not, as some of our new school have, the way of cheek. Important interests could depend on Sir Henry Fowler; they would be very sorry or very green to depend on Mr. Churchill or Mr. George.

As we predicted months ago, Lord Kitchener has refused the Mediterranean job. It is the most natural thing in the world he should refuse; and, as things are run in this country to-day, it is quite natural too that the post should have been offered him. We remember a story about Lord Kitchener as a lad preparing for the Army at a Hampshire crammer's. The great hostess of the district was giving a dance, and she told the crammer—"Bring any of your pupils who care to come, but not that young man Mr. Kitchener, because he stands in a corner and won't dance". The child is father of the man. Lord Kitchener still will not dance unless he likes. He is not going to dance to please the Government and their advisers at the War Office.

A man at the War Office who suffers from youth, not from want of brains, was asked the other day, "Will a place be found for Kitchener at the War Office?" "Of course not", he replied; "do you think they are going to let loose a tiger among a lot of pussy cats?" The metaphor may not have been very good, but the idea of the thing was all right: Lord Kitchener would of course give the animals in that cage a terrible time. He is not only efficient, he is brutally efficient, and the first thing a man of this sort does when he goes into a new office is to make a clean sweep of those who are intellectually halt and blind. No wonder the pussy cats at the War Office have persuaded their kind keeper, Mr. Haldane, not to let the tiger loose among them.

We do not want to make party capital out of this attempt of the powers to fob off a mythical command on the greatest soldier and organiser on the active list to-day. It is quite likely that a non-Liberal Government would have been driven by tradition and the War Office to do just the same, had it been in office. What Mr. Haldane has done, Lord Middleton might easily have been driven into doing. It is the custom of the country in these matters. But the leading Liberal paper puts it almost too cynically when it suggests that Lord Kitchener should go to—the Antipodes! We imagine the pussy cats would like him to go to something still worse—say to Kamschatka or the back of Greenland.

How utterly different is the way the Americans view efficiency and inefficiency! They go for efficiency, we for character. We lately heard of a manager of a company in the States who was tried and convicted for peculating a large sum of money which should have gone to the shareholders. He was sent to prison, and his English friends—with whom he had been very popular—thought they had seen the last of him. But he was no sooner out of prison than the company instantly took him on again at an enhanced salary. The English were amazed, confounded, but it was explained to them that to throw away the services of such a clever, extremely efficient man would have been arrant folly. He is now on the best of terms with the company and socially is quite one of the

most popular men of his city. Here we often overlook, even ostracise, a man because he is capable; in the States a capable man is not ostracised even if a scoundrel.

Sir Charles Hardinge is to be the new Viceroy of India. He was one of the very few who could fill the office with distinction, and there were so many worse appointments which might have been. It was even possible that Mr. Asquith might cap his South African venture by sending Mr. Churchill to succeed Lord Minto. Sir Charles Hardinge has a temperament and an experience (in Russia and Persia) that will enable him to deal with Indian questions as Lord Minto could not. Also, he is not a party man—a recommendation to the Services with which he will have to do.

The truth about Egypt seems at last to have got into Sir Edward Grey's mind. At any rate he admits that the condition of Egypt is not all he could wish it to be, and solemnly declares that no advance in the way of self-government or self-administration can be made whilst the Nationalist party perseveres in its present attitude to the British Occupation. More significant still, two important measures—one giving Assize Courts jurisdiction in all Press cases; the other for suppressing illegal secret societies—have been passed over the head of the Legislative Council. Sir Edward Grey naturally made the best he could of the present position: Ministers must do that. His admissions are only the more significant, driving home everything well-informed persons and papers have been saying these twelve months past. Of course Sir Edward must throw his agis over Sir Eldon Gorst. No shortcoming can be admitted in an official whose services the Minister retains. Sir Eldon had done everything well: only the Government were to blame. We trust Sir Eldon will appreciate his chief's example of chivalrous loyalty.

Both Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey are delighted with Mr. Roosevelt's lecture to Britishers on how to govern or not to govern Egypt. They think it extremely good taste in a foreigner to improve a festal hour by teaching his host how to conduct his own business. No doubt Mr. Balfour, when he finds himself in New York, will show Mr. Taft how to govern the Philippines, and no doubt Congress will be extremely grateful to Mr. Balfour and will say so. Will not international relations become sweet if distinguished foreign guests take to following Mr. Roosevelt's example? Happily they will not. The citizen of no nation that had a tradition of diplomatic good breeding could do such a thing. The gentlemen of all civilised countries are offended by Mr. Roosevelt's ill taste. But Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey think it necessary to appear pleased, whatever they may feel. Hardly the way to add to the dignity of British public life.

The Duke of Connaught is to open the first Parliament of United South Africa. Obviously this is right, as is his designation to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The Duke of Connaught is very near the throne, and it is to the throne the self-governing dominions look for the unifying point in the Empire. The self-governing colonies may question—some of their leading jurists have questioned—the absolute sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament. The sovereignty of the Crown has never been challenged. Certainly the Crown is the focus of imperial feeling and loyalty to Great Britain. King George's reign will be critical for the Empire. It begins happily with this call to a brother of King Edward to fill a high imperial office.

General Botha wants to start the South African Union with a clean sheet. The pressure put upon him by his friends, whatever his own inclination, to make his first Cabinet wholly Dutch, was not altogether the happiest means of wiping out memories or encouraging confidence in the future. It is a nice paradox that in

order to make his Cabinet Dutch he has to adopt a quite British dislike of coalitions. He says parties must be formed on principles; but if he means all he said about the British flag and loyalty, how can his principles distinguish him from the Progressives under Dr. Jameson? Party divisions in South Africa mean racial divisions, and racial divisions, as things are, mean the Dutch on top.

Felix opportunitate mortis was the note on which the Imperial South African Association made an end of itself last Thursday evening. After fourteen years its work is done, and the Association has ended of its own accord. Lord Milner recalled something of that time in course of his tribute to the Duke of Westminster. But the funeral oration proper was delivered by Mr. Wyndham. South Africa was united and General Botha was the first Premier. Certainly, for good or ill, the work of the Association was done. The best thing now was to dissolve. Thus they would be underlining the importance of what had just been accomplished.

Mr. Borden, the Canadian Conservative leader, grows more strenuous in his opposition to the Laurier naval policy the more he studies it. He resents the idea that Canada should take advantage of all that the British flag means in time of peace and not be prepared in war-time without a moment's hesitation to face the music. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wants to think about it. He would meet the most deadly crisis in imperial affairs by an Order in Council. As we understand it, that would mean after Great Britain had decided on war Canada would consider whether or not she should take a hand. Nothing could be more childish or more dangerous. Canada would have to choose between war and separation—if the enemy would let her. "In time of war", says Mr. Borden, "there must be central control if the defence of the Empire is to be effective." That is elementary, whatever Sir Wilfrid may think, and Mr. Borden is doing well in driving the point home.

Evidently the Protecting Powers are agreed that the only way out of the Cretan difficulty is to allow nothing to be done. Crete must respect Turkish feeling and admit the Moslem deputies to the Chamber—oath to King George or no oath. Turkey must respect the wish of the Powers to keep them as they are. Certainly the greater number of Young Turks have come out of this very badly. They have done what they could to make things impossible; to provoke a war with Greece; and to rouse ill-feeling against the British. In this they were helped by the Austro-Hungarian newspapers, which have since been compelled from Vienna to turn completely round. The ready way in which the suggestion was received by them that Great Britain stood away from the other Powers, and was opposed to Turkey for dynastic reasons, shows how flimsy is the pretence that the new régime in Constantinople has any real goodwill towards us.

Fanatics on both sides have been doing their best to provoke a religious quarrel in Germany these last few days. The Pope recently issued an encyclical which alluded to certain Reformers in the strong language characteristic of Pius X. The German Government at once drew the attention of the Vatican to the difficult position in which the document had placed a Power anxious to be tolerant but having at its head a Lutheran Sovereign. The Vatican saw the point at once and ordered that the encyclical should not be published in German dioceses. There the affair might have closed, had not the King of Saxony seized the chance to get himself talked about and entered a protest on his own account. The Vatican will probably have the good sense to ignore it.

The suffragette Bill—introduced this week in the Commons—should lead nobody away. True, it is moderate and reasonable. It seems an innocent thing to enfranchise a small body of women who have all the necessary qualifications for a vote but sex. Exactly. You pass this Bill and give away the principle—hence-

forth sex shall be no bar to the franchise. Pass this Bill and every successive franchise "reform" will add to the electorate a greater number of undesirable persons than it would have done had sex remained as a bar. Manhood suffrage would be bad enough. Man-and-womanhood suffrage would make public life impossible.

Mr. Churchill can be serious and sensible when it comes to dealing with matters on which both parties are agreed. Save for a small passage at the end between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Markham, the Mines debate on Thursday was quiet and decorous. A good deal of sentiment has been wasted on the miner, who is safer and better off than many factory workers, who are, in comparison, neglected. But it did not need the recent disaster at Whitehaven to emphasise the importance of better inspection and better arrangements for work of rescue. Mr. Churchill's Bill, to be introduced this Session, should pass without waste of words. Obviously it is right to vest in the Executive the provision of cautionary and rescue devices, as is already done in the matter of explosion under the Act of 1896.

It is not surprising that the new taxes in Mr. Lloyd George's Budget are troublesome to collect. The amount of official worry and official inquisition to be spent in getting them in was always a strong argument for dropping them, apart from the bad finance and injustice of the principles on which they were levied. Lord Onslow and Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords on Tuesday strongly objected to the way in which the special commissioners for the assessment of super-tax have been compelled to hustle for their returns. To be asked in twenty-eight days to make a return of income derived from "every single plot and parcel, no matter how insignificant, upon their estates" was, as Lord Lansdowne said, an "extraordinarily vexatious demand". To make matters worse, the regulations under the Finance Bill which were to prepare the payers of super-tax for this sudden call were not yet tabled. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget continues to live up to its fine tradition of muddle.

Now that Mr. Parke has answered the critics of Messrs. Cadbury and Rowntree we know definitely that the "Star" is not to change its ways. If the "Star" gave up betting, it would benefit the Conservative press. In the interests of Liberalism Captain Coe will continue his good work. "Captain Coe's A1 tips" for Ascot, since Mr. Parke explained to us the joint-stock conscience of Messrs. Cadbury and Rowntree, have been flung abroad literally shrieking to be bought. We admired the lack of shame in a noble cause. Who, before reading Mr. Parke, would have seen that "Captain Coe's A1 tips" were simply the fruit of lofty policy—a policy that would keep the mind of the working man clean of all truck with Conservative news-sheets and uphold him in the lofty principles of Liberalism? We know now that Captain Coe is not a tipster: he is the great cocoa missionary. And the good he does can actually be measured—in circulation.

Messrs. Cadbury and Fry—as we know from the "Daily News" and from much that their friends have said in sheets and pamphlets and on public platforms—think that it is wicked to bet on a horse. Most Englishmen think differently from Messrs. Cadbury and Rowntree on these matters. Rather they would follow Father Bernard Vaughan, who at Barnet on Wednesday said how glad he was that King George was going to keep up King Edward's racing stud. Certainly it is a national good work to preserve the strain of our English-bred horse, and this can only be done by testing its quality on the racecourse.

A sporting bet is one thing: to incite working men or any man that cannot afford to lose to bet is another. This is exactly what the professional tipster and the betting press are doing. In the long run the "bookies" must win, and the working man be out of pocket. It is

idle to ask for a Bill against the publication of betting tips. It would be as easily evaded as the moneylending Acts. What is wanted is that the working man should be educated to know that he is bound to lose in the long run—that he is pitting himself against a professional bookmaker who makes a living from his "book". Once the readers of the "Star's" A1 tips are really convinced of this, not even Captain Coe will get them to put a sixpence on a horse.

According to Mr. Walkley Mr. Shaw's drama is the model of what to avoid. Mr. Shaw will never fit into a scheme—national or any other. And, of course, he cannot go on with Mr. Frohman. It was always clear that Mr. Shaw's days in S. Martin's Lane were strictly numbered. Mr. Frohman is a business man, and will in future have little to do with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker. Nor as a business man can he have anything to do with an English National Theatre—when it comes. National theatres begin poor, and make their own public. Some day national theatres may pay in England. Mr. Frohman will then have half-a-dozen.

The Irish National Theatre Society wants a little more capital to make ultimate success certain. It has been steadily gaining in strength, but can hardly pay its way as yet entirely out of income. What scandal would it be if this splendid venture of intellect and real art, which dared to put out on a sea of philistinism, should go down for want of a little money! But it will not. The money must be found. Every intellectual man and woman will support a theatre he can go to without loss of self-respect. His choice of such places is so small that even if poor he could afford to help them all. Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory make an appeal; they might well make a claim. Not as beggars but as creditors they come to us. The sum they name is set off small enough against the debt we owe them.

Hermann Vezin was never anything like a great actor, but he was in his prime quite a wonderful elocutionist, and there were parts he could play to perfection. Vezin had a very fine head and chiselled features, but unfortunately his head was set on a very small body. He was almost a dumpy little man, and when he appeared as Macbeth at the Lyceum the effect was painful. Of course he declaimed his speeches finely. Had Nature only given poor Vezin a body as well as a head he would have gone far.

There is nothing more amusing than impudence standing on its dignity. Mr. Jamrach, a menagerie-monger—no doubt of wide reputation—"has no more to say to this person". This person is Mr. W. H. Hudson. How terrible for this naturalist, this writer of fine taste, this man of singular charm, to be cut off from the conversation of Mr. Jamrach! Mr. Hudson's anger was justly roused. Here is a man who says a bird is almost extinct, and then proclaims his readiness to book orders for its delivery to ornithologists and collectors. By a pure stroke of irony Mr. Jamrach simultaneously offers £30 to promote the work of bird-preservation.

We are not fond of Conferences, but we hope that the "World Missionary Conference" will have some effect in better organising missionary work and in putting it on right lines; also in rousing Christian public opinion to its need. The title of the Conference is ill-chosen. It smacks of advertisement and, in agreement therewith, is not true. To call a Christian conference world-wide or Catholic which does not represent either the Orthodox or the Roman communion is a misnomer. This is a large gathering of Christians; it is nothing more. It has no powers: it can determine nothing. But it ought to help the organisers of missionary work to a more right appreciation of certain widespread criticisms of missionaries; still more, it should teach these critics that criticism is easy and the missionary's work always difficult and often heroic. If the missionary can learn a good deal from the world, the world could learn much more from him.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

WE can recall few scenes of more perfect humiliation than the debate of the Egyptian Question in the House of Commons. Here were the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the Leader of the Opposition cap in hand before Mr. Roosevelt, thanking him humbly and effusively for pointing out to us our mistakes in Egypt, and showing us how to correct them! "If you cannot govern Egypt", said Mr. Roosevelt, "get out!" And report says that he lightly stamped his foot to emphasise this elegant admonition. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Roosevelt," chorus Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour, "how kind of you, how very friendly on your part to bother about our troubles in Egypt!" The fact that Mr. Roosevelt communicated to Sir Edward Grey the substance of what he was going to say, while it relieves the ex-President of the United States from the grosser impertinence of which he was apparently guilty, only makes the position of the Foreign Secretary worse than ever. It is admitted by all, except a few Irish Nationalists and a few extreme Radicals (including the member for Darlington of "undiluted Oriental blood"), that what Mr. Roosevelt said was true, namely, that confidence in British rule has been undermined, and British prestige seriously impaired in Egypt. It is not denied that the Egyptian Prime Minister was murdered at the instigation of the Nationalists, and that Egyptian Ministers who take the "advice" of the British Consul-General are threatened and insulted in the native press. But if these things are true, does Sir Edward Grey mean to say that he did not know them until Mr. Roosevelt blurted them out? Mr. Roosevelt was not the first person to make these statements publicly: they had been made for months previously by various organs of opinion, including the "Times" and ourselves. But so long as the "Times" and the SATURDAY REVIEW made these charges against our government of Egypt, no notice was taken, or they were resented as the inventions of party malice. The moment that an American tourist, a "foreign" politician, if Mr. Balfour will pardon us the adjective, repeats in almost identical phraseology our criticism on the Egyptian administration, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour embrace his knees, and hail him as our saviour! We do not often find ourselves in accord with Irish Nationalists or Scottish Radicals. But we are bound to say that the speeches of Mr. Kettle and Sir Henry Dalziel on Wednesday were very much to the point. Mr. Kettle, happily describing Mr. Roosevelt as "a master of platitudes and attitudes, a combination of Tartuffe and Tartarin of Tarascon", declared that "the Foreign Secretary had employed a distinguished foreigner who happened to be passing through this country as the mouthpiece of a policy he should have had the courage to announce himself". Exactly, and it really will not do for Sir Edward Grey to say now that he would have made the same speech as that delivered on Tuesday last if Mr. Roosevelt had not spoken. We know exactly the cold contempt which Sir Edward Grey would have poured on Mr. Baird, the member for the Rugby division, if the ex-President of the United States had not roused the country to a sense of its danger and humiliation. Nothing is easier than to declare that you would have made without compulsion a declaration which you have been forced to make. We have it from the Foreign Secretary himself that he encouraged Mr. Roosevelt to say what he did; and therefore Sir Henry Dalziel was justified in warning Sir Edward Grey that "in encouraging the intervention of a foreign statesman in our domestic affairs, in assisting him to be a contributor to our party debates in the House, the right hon. gentleman was setting up a new and most dangerous precedent". The member for Kirkcaldy is absolutely in the right, nor is there anything in the distinction attempted to be drawn by Sir Edward Grey and the ministerial press between foreign and internal affairs. Foreign affairs are infinitely more important than domestic affairs, certainly; but that is merely a reason the more why a statesman should not express

himself on the foreign policy of another nation, except in a despatch. If Mr. Roosevelt had treated us to his views on the political enfranchisement of women or Home Rule for Ireland, we should all have smiled and shrugged our shoulders. But because he has criticised in the most vehement language our weakness in Egypt, he is thanked for an act of friendship. Truly a dangerous kind of friendship. What would happen if Mr. Balfour, after an autumn tour in the Austrian Tyrol, were to deliver at a public banquet in Vienna a violent criticism of Count von Aehrenthal's policy towards Servia and Bosnia?

We confess that we have an imperfect sympathy with Mr. Balfour's attitude of complaisance towards Mr. Roosevelt and Sir Edward Grey. Mr. Balfour shrinks with unnecessary squeamishness from using the word "foreign" in connexion with American policy. Does Mr. Balfour know how Englishmen are spoken of by the rising generation of Americans in New York and Washington? Englishmen are called in conversation, and frequently in the press, "dagos", a most insulting term used to designate the lowest class of Italian immigrant. We admit that the relations between the United States and Great Britain have improved during the last ten years, ever since the Cuban war, when we intervened to protect America from a hostile European coalition. But British statesmen who dream that the United States will ever be an effective ally in the hour of need are living in a fool's paradise. The plutocratic class, who marry their daughters to our peers, and who spend their money in London, have nothing in common with the American public, whose sentiments are represented by the newspapers. Still less do we relish Mr. Balfour's forbearance towards Sir Edward Grey. A convenient fiction has been invented of late years that foreign policy is, or ought to be, outside the sphere of parliamentary debate. Why, all the most celebrated debates of the Augustan age of Parliament have been on foreign policy. The most famous orations of the Pitts, of Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Canning, Palmerston, and Disraeli have been delivered on the foreign or colonial policy of this country. Why should Sir Edward Grey, whose incompetence has long been veiled by the trick of a restrained manner, enjoy immunity from attack for his many and serious blunders? The present Government has been found guilty of making experiments in nationalist politics on the vile body of Egypt. Those experiments have failed, egregiously and admittedly: the trustee has betrayed his beneficiary, and no language can be too strong to express his dereliction of duty. A word or two about Sir Eldon Gorst. The SATURDAY REVIEW has attacked the Consul-General for a state of things in Egypt, for which we believed and still believe him to be mainly responsible. We are now told that our attacks are scandalous and unjustifiable, because Sir Eldon Gorst has been merely the instrument of the Government in London, and has only obeyed orders from Downing Street. That, we fancy, is the case with every high official abroad, whether he be styled Viceroy or Consul-General or Colonial Governor. They are all under the Imperial Government, and take their cabled orders from Whitehall. But does that absolve them from responsibility? The King's representative abroad either agrees with the policy which he is instructed by the Secretary of State to pursue, or he does not. If he agrees he must share to the full the responsibility of failure, as he would assuredly claim to share the praise of success. If the King's agent does not agree with the policy which he is told to carry out by the Imperial Government, it is his duty to resign. It is childish on the part of Sir Eldon Gorst's friends to complain of the criticism which he has drawn upon himself by consenting to be the instrument of a dangerous and disgraceful policy in Egypt. We may have been misinformed as to incidents, such as the hooting at the railway station, or the reception of the Duke of Connaught in tweeds and putties. These things are trifles, though they are never invented except when they are "vraisemblables", and therefore indicate like straws the way the wind blows. As to

details of this kind, we may have repeated the gossip of the bazaars: but the substance of our accusation, the decline of British prestige in Cairo, is admitted by all. We have not the slightest feeling against Sir Eldon Gorst: but his ability strengthens our case, which we have not hesitated to prefer because we know, as all the world knows, that he is not dependent for his bread and butter upon retaining this or that post. Sir Eldon Gorst is far too clever not to have seen, long ago, the folly and danger of making experiments in Radicalism upon a country like Egypt; and he ought therefore long ago to have told Sir Edward Grey that, whoever else might, he would not be the tool of Radical theorists. Possibly, even probably, the mischief done is not irreparable. The Egyptian journalist must be taught that he does not know enough to criticise his masters: and Egyptian politicians must learn that "advice" from the British Consul-General is a command to be obeyed more promptly and unquestioningly than the decrees of the Caliph.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

EVERYONE seems pleased that Sir Charles Hardinge has been chosen to succeed Lord Minto in November. In India, as amongst those best acquainted with India in this country, there is a sense of relief. True, no one else was seriously spoken of but Lord Kitchener; but these conjectures necessarily rest upon a very insubstantial basis, and there was no reason why someone of whom the public had never dreamt should not be appointed. It never occurred, for instance, to anyone in any quarter in days past to suggest Lord Mayo, Lord Lytton or Lord Elgin, though Lord Elgin like Sir Charles Hardinge had an hereditary connexion with India. There were however very good reasons for preferring a civilian to a soldier, without taking into consideration the anti-military bias which, however unreasoning and unreasonable, is so strong in the Government party that it may well be a factor in their choice of chief agents at home and abroad. Lord Kitchener is above all things a distinguished military man, and such are supposed, however erroneously, to delight in warlike operations, though his acts should have sufficed to dissipate this venerable superstition. It is however the fact that this belief dies hard, and the spirit satirised by Ali Baba, for whose successor India still waits, is by no means extinct:

"How doth the greedy K.C.B.
Delight to brag and fight,
And gather medals all the day
And wear them all the night".

Then Lord Kitchener was the hero who vanquished his Viceroy in a pitched battle in which the very point at issue was the supremacy of the civil over the military power. The supremacy of a soldier in Council would not be so acceptable to the Ordinary Members, or indeed to the Extraordinary Member, the Commander-in-Chief, speaking of course in a wholly impersonal sense, as that of a civilian administrator. The Indian civil servant is profoundly impressed with the general superiority of his own cloth. The advanced party, of which there is no disposition to take too little notice, would also strenuously object to the rule of a soldier, of a man known to be likely to impress his own will upon his colleagues, and one unlikely to be greatly moved by the ideal and philosophical arguments upon which the English educated minority claim the right to govern the contented Oriental majority in India.

Public opinion pointed so clearly to Lord Kitchener or Sir Charles Hardinge that it seems superfluous to contrast Sir Charles' claims with those of other possible candidates. Yet there were disquieting rumours regarding members of the Government, who, indeed, are considered to have a prescriptive right to be considered on such occasions. Mr. Winston Churchill, while yet a subaltern in the army, served in India, and even then it was supposed that he came to Calcutta to see if the Viceregal crown would fit him.

His subsequent career however eminent, his speeches however eloquent, and his political principles however deep, would hardly make him acceptable to the public services and to the Conservative and moderate elements in all directions in India. Mr. Churchill professes disbelief in the theory of hereditary administrative capacity, of which he is himself a striking example, but it may be fairly alleged that in India, his best qualification to sit in the "seat of Warren Hastings" would be that he is his father's son. Mr. Harcourt, who was also mentioned, is little known in our Eastern Empire, but no politician credited with extreme Radical opinions would be welcome there. Indeed, in India it is not believed that a person of birth, wealth, and position can honestly be a Radical. Mr. Montagu, though a discreet and able Under-Secretary, has not reached the platform from which Lord Curzon leapt; nor has Mr. Hobhouse, though well posted in Indian affairs, nor Mr. Mackinnon Wood, though fully equipped with experience of the London County Council, yet suggested himself as a potential, or for the moment possible, Viceroy. Liberal peers of the necessary class and calibre are not forthcoming. An unwritten law disqualifies ex-Governors of Madras and Bombay, and if Lord Amthill has escaped its operation by his temporary service at Calcutta, he suffers, as a prominent member of the Opposition, from another disability. There remains Sir Charles Hardinge, and though the credit of so excellent an appointment must rest with the Prime Minister, his fitness, when once his name is mentioned, is so striking and exceptional that it hardly occurs to anyone to make any further suggestion, or to put forward others as of equal or superior claims. He has at the outset the advantage of being the grandson of a Viceroy who was present in sixteen general actions, was Chief Secretary for Ireland, a member for twenty-four years of Parliament, which twice thanked him for his civil and military services, a man equally famed for chivalry, courage, and administrative capacity, and one who was for his great services created Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, as near an approach to an Indian title as may be. His father and his brother served in the Army, and he himself in the fifty-two years of his life has had an exceptionally distinguished career. From Harrow, where he was a popular boy, he went to Cambridge. Entering the diplomatic service, he became private secretary to Lord Dufferin, one of his predecessors in India, and rapidly passing through the junior grades of the Service he rose to be Secretary of Legation at Teheran and Secretary of Embassy and Chargé d'Affaires at S. Petersburg, in both posts acquiring a good knowledge of the language of the country in which he served. In 1903 he was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State and given the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary while in attendance on King Edward, who, as is well known, had a high opinion of his talents and his character. In 1904 Sir Charles Hardinge was made Ambassador at S. Petersburg, and he remained there during the troublous times of the war with Japan, in connexion with which and the Dogger Bank episode he displayed tact, firmness and diplomatic skill of a high order.

His experiences at home and abroad have been so exactly calculated to equip him for the post of Viceroy that it would almost appear as if the invisible hand of fate had been training him for this high office, at a time when exceptional qualifications are required in its occupant. Of foreign countries India is most concerned with Russia and Persia, and among the civil servants, through whom he or any other Viceroy must govern, he will be held in honour and respect, not as the successful product of a party system, which is held in slight esteem in India, but as a statesman well versed in enterprises of great pith and moment. In India no man can be altogether successful who is not a sportsman, and Sir Charles Hardinge is an excellent horseman, an accomplished polo-player, a good shot, and, of course, possesses that indispensable adjunct of a twentieth-century statesman, sufficient skill in the royal game of golf. Though suave in manner, he possesses great firmness

of character; and should a day of trouble come while he is Viceroy he is a man who will be "master of his fate and captain of his soul".

CRETE AND HER PROTECTORS.

"WHICH do you pity the most of us three", the Greeks, the Cretans or the Protecting Powers? Sir Edward Grey might have put this question to his critics on Wednesday night, parodying Browning. Indeed, the four Powers concerned have got themselves into much the same mess that the poet did by interfering between his friend and the friend's lady love. They bid fair to earn the hatred of both parties, to say nothing of the Young Turks. British diplomacy in this matter, as in other branches of foreign policy, cuts but a sorry figure at the present time. It would not be fair to blame the Foreign Secretary as being alone responsible: he inherited the Cretan difficulty from his predecessor, but he has undoubtedly made matters much worse, till we find Europe confronted with the menace of war and ourselves losing the respect of Cretans, Greeks and Turks alike.

So far as it went, the sketch of events leading up to the existing muddle, as given by the Foreign Secretary, was correct enough, but it requires a good deal of amplification to make the position clear. Ever since 1897 the four Protecting Powers have been, to quote Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "leading up to and including the larger policy", though the unfortunate Cretans find themselves balked of their desires just at the moment when they deemed them most certain of fulfilment. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if they have taken matters into their own hands and cause embarrassment to their friends at this juncture. Nor is it to be wondered at that Germany and Austria, who ostentatiously eliminated themselves from any part in the problem thirteen years ago, should be trying to profit by our difficulties. Our own attitude over Bosnia justifies the press campaign, but the past attitude of those two Powers towards Turkey hardly warrants their expecting to convince her that Codlin and not Short is the true friend, Codlin having deprived her of two provinces less than two years ago.

The clumsy inventions of the Austro-German press can be left to answer themselves, but our own justification is less easy. If we review our conduct towards Greeks, Turks and Cretans the present humiliating muddle is the only natural result.

So long ago as 1897, by the mouth of the Italian Admiral Canevaro, who for the moment was the spokesman of the four Powers, we promised the Cretans that if they accepted *autonomy*, union with Greece would follow in a *short time*. The whole of our subsequent policy has been on the same lines. In 1898 we allowed Prince George of Greece to be appointed Supreme Commissioner, and the Powers encouraged the Cretan Assembly to draw up a Constitution which made Crete an autonomous State. The Prince had the power to coin money, appoint judges and officers in the army, and to do many other things only possible for the ruler of a self-governing State. At that time Bulgaria was nominally subject to Turkey. The links that bound them together were frail enough, but they were less flimsy than the only ties remaining between Turkey and Crete. The King of Greece had appointed the Cretan Governor, while the choice of a Bulgarian ruler was nominally subject to the Sultan's approval. Bulgaria, too, was nominally tributary to Turkey. In Crete nothing but the suzerainty remained to show that the island had ever been subject to the Sultan. Bulgaria, too, so far as trade was concerned, remained practically a part of the Turkish Empire; there were no duties, either on Turkish or Bulgarian goods, at the respective Custom Houses. Crete made herself perfectly independent in this directly the Constitution was drawn up. The four Powers distinctly supported Crete in this action as against the not unnatural remonstrances of the Porte, thus virtually affirming her entire independence. The Powers later

went further towards autonomy, for they agreed to modifications of the Capitulations and of consular rights in Crete.

Four years ago the Cretans received most significant encouragement towards their aim for union with Greece. A Note was issued by the four Powers authorising the employment of Greek officers in the Cretan army and gendarmerie. These officers do not lose their seniority in the Greek army; they are only struck out of the Active List. In their joint Note the Powers used these significant words: "Every step forward towards the realisation of national aspirations is subordinated to the establishment and maintenance of order and of a stable régime". They later showed that they believed that this was achieved by withdrawing their forces.

Then the Powers expressly gave to the King of Greece the power of nominating the High Commissioner; this they did, as they expressly stated, "in order to display their desire to consider as far as possible the aspirations of the Cretan people and to give practical recognition to the interest which his Majesty the King of the Hellenes ought always to take in the prosperity of Crete". It is clear to everyone that to do this was to invest the King of Greece with the power of a suzerain. The island was by this time completely controlled by Greek officials, and the army and the police were commanded by Greek officers. Only financial and political union were now wanting to make Crete a part of the Greek kingdom. The four Powers discouraged the Cretans from taking the final step on the ground that directly they did Bulgaria would declare her independence. It is not surprising, therefore, that directly Bulgaria did declare her independence in October 1908, and the final and complete incorporation of Eastern Roumelia with the Bulgarian Crown was effected, the Cretan Assembly should decree the union of the island with Greece.

Even to this the four Powers offered no insuperable objection. They did not say *We Cannot*; all they advised the Greeks and Cretans to do was to let the matter stand over for discussion between the four Powers and the Porte and for settlement by the European Conference.

Had the Greek Premier of the day been more enterprising and accepted the Cretan proclamation, there can be no doubt that the union might then have been accomplished. Turkey would have acquiesced, and nobody would have been a penny the worse; on the contrary, we should all have been much better off. The Powers would have been relieved of an embarrassing problem; the Turks would have but shrugged their shoulders and accepted the situation; and the Cretans would have had at least the chance of developing their own resources, which they have not at present, to say nothing of obtaining their desires. Unfortunately, Greece chose to be swayed by our advice, and our whole object then was to read a lesson to Austria and bring about the precious Conference, which was to exalt our own righteousness and give everyone what they wanted in legitimate fashion. As everyone who had any foresight predicted, the Conference never came off, and the Greeks and Cretans alike found themselves plantés là, a ridiculous end of all their hopes, for which they have in the first place to thank Sir Edward Grey. It is not surprising that in revenge they have taken the oath to the King of Greece and excluded Mohammedans from their Assembly—both of them unfortunate proceedings which we must forcibly reverse.

Meanwhile the Turks are clamouring for the restoration of the status quo, which means for them the restoration of things to the position they were in before 1906 when the closer association with Greece began. But the Powers can hardly punish the Cretans for following their advice too scrupulously. The Turks can offer nothing which will not reduce in some respect the self-government already enjoyed by Crete, and this the Powers clearly cannot permit. We may have to step in again and take over the control of the island. No doubt the idea of the Young Turks is with Crete to make a beginning of the policy of regaining lost

possessions. The Turkish Army has greatly improved of late, and the governing idea of all Turks is to spend what money they have on armaments and then to fight someone. "Can you", said Mr. Rees on Wednesday night, "truthfully call the Turkish government anything but a military despotism?" The Government, apparently, does, but not truthfully.

Still, for the sake of the civilised world, we cannot allow a war to break out about this trivial matter, and we cannot allow the unfortunate Cretans to wreak their disappointment on the Mohammedans. It will very likely end in our having to garrison the island again. In any case the four Powers cut a poor figure enough, entirely through their own fault. Germany and Austria may well laugh, though they will hardly persuade Turkey that they are her true friends with the record of the last two years behind them. The best the four Powers can do now is to hang together—division would only put the climax to this sorry farce.

THE HUNGARIAN ELECTIONS.

KING FRANCIS JOSEPH has sealed the work of his long reign by a great victory over those forces of the Opposition which achieved so signal a triumph at the last General Election in Hungary. The victory which Count Khuen Hedervary and Count Tisza have won is far greater than their opponents anticipated, greater also than they themselves in their wildest hopes believed possible. The returns are not yet complete, as twenty-one second ballots have still to be decided, but in nearly half of these the result is a foregone conclusion. In two of these the Government is sure to win, as the issue has to be decided between two of their own supporters. In two more the fight is between supporters of the party of work and the Nationalities, who will not forget their dire experience of the Coalition. In four other places different sections of the Opposition are fighting with one another, so that we are able to form a pretty accurate estimate of the constitution of the new Chamber. Count Khuen Hedervary's party of work is fairly certain of securing at least 250 out of a total of 413, or a majority of over 85. When we add to this that he and Count Julius Andrássy, who has twenty followers in the new Parliament, both profess to be loyal supporters of the Constitution of 1867, and that Count Julius Andrássy has broken with the members of the Coalition, there is no reason why these twenty deputies should not combine with the majority as long as the majority sticks to its pledges. True, in an interview with the correspondent of the "Figaro", Count Andrássy refuses to give any promise of any kind—what he wants is an adjournment of the Chamber as soon as possible. Still, when we remember that on the balance M. Franz Kossuth has lost fifty-one, M. Justh one hundred and four, the Populists fourteen, and the Nationalists thirteen seats, whilst the Socialists have lost the only seat they held in the last Chamber, no one can deny that the victory won by the Government is the most striking of modern times and must have a most important bearing on the future history of the Dual Monarchy.

Many causes have contributed to this victory. Since the fall of the Liberal party in 1906 no regular Government has been able to do good or substantial work. The Coalition, notwithstanding its signal victory, had to mark time when in office. It found itself hampered by the promises which it had made—promises which were absolutely inconsistent with the most elementary principles of government. The Wekerle Cabinet was only able to hold on when it was doing nothing. It started work with the most egregious blunders. M. Kossuth's "State Railway Law" was not only a gross tactical error but a flagrant breach of the understanding upon which the Serbo-Croat coalition agreed to give their support in October 1905. The suspension of the constitution of Croatia and the introduction of despotic government was a necessary corollary. Count Apponyi's education law roused

the Nationalities to furious opposition, which was accentuated by the violent methods adopted by the Government to enforce the Magyarisation of the Slovaks and Roumanians. Extreme methods were also enforced against those agricultural labourers who either wished to emigrate or to emancipate themselves from their landed proprietors. Then for ten months after he had tendered his resignation Dr. Wekerle remained responsible for the administration of the king's business. For two years it has been impossible to summon the delegations. The Budget of 1909 showed a deficit of 249,000,000 crowns. In the absence of a Budget for 1910 taxes have not been levied. Count Khuen Hedervary has had to raise a first loan of a hundred millions to meet the most necessary expenses. The recruiting of the military contingents has not been approved. In fine, Hungary has been living for the last year in a condition which its old legal jargon describes as "ex lex". The condition of affairs was such that the people demanded relief from a situation which had become absolutely intolerable—a situation from which it has been freed by the consummate ability of Count Khuen Hedervary, who has unfortunately also deemed it essential to have recourse to methods which were not only regrettable but unnecessary to achieve his end.

He certainly started fair. When the ex-Ban of Croatia came into office he was essentially the "king's man", and refused to have anything to say to any of the parties which were then fighting for the mastery. He would not even join hands with Count Julius Andrássy and his followers, though they agreed with him in preferring Deák's constitutional policy of 1867 to that of independence advocated by Louis Kossuth in 1848. He was able to form a new party out of the scattered elements of the old parties: the Liberal party which had been broken up in 1906, the Constitutionalists who could not forgive Count Andrássy the concessions he had made in joining hands with the party of Independence, some of the Nationalities embittered by the tyranny of the Coalition, those Independents who were sick of the internal squabbles of their own party, and those Croats who were grateful for his intervention on their behalf; for his first step was to recall Baron Rauch and nominate Dr. Tomašić as Ban of Croatia in his place, and to suppress that unfortunate trial at Agram which had done so much to discredit the Coalition and those elements in Austria who had endeavoured to find proofs of high treason and outrage on every side. His task was much facilitated by the dispute between the opportunist Franz Kossuth and the more uncompromising Dr. Justh, who have gone much further in their violence against each other than the Government would have ventured to do against either of them. The name of Kossuth, which has so long been worshipped in the Great Central plain, has been dragged through the mire in the person of his son, who is accused of having gone as far in his treachery to Hungary as his father was denounced by the Slovaks in 1848 for his treachery to his own genuine race and fellow countrymen; for has he not in his opportunism and love for the sweets of office gone back on the traditions of his father? The electors have been puzzled and confused, and out of this confusion of thought the Government has derived profit and advantage. Though both sections of the Independence party demanded the same concessions, separate customs, a separate bank and the Magyarisation of the army through the adoption of the Magyar word of command, still the Justhites accused Kossuth of being a Constitutionalist and an Opportunist, of having betrayed his father's trust in preferring a life of ministerial ease to one spent in the cold shades of Opposition. They robbed him of most of his following in Parliament, but his name is still stronger with his following in the country than that of his opponent, for he can now boast of eight more followers in Parliament than his rival. Count Stephen Tisza has, however, been Count Khuen Hedervary's most powerful auxiliary. He has in no way spared himself during the campaign, speaking not only in the constituencies that once belonged to the old Liberal party, but facing the

most violent opposition in the most hostile centres. If Count Khuen Hedervary has prepared the ground, the victory is Count Tisza's, who can congratulate himself on the magnificent reparation which the country has made to him for his signal discomfiture four years ago.

In view of all these facts it is therefore the more regrettable that extreme methods have been adopted to secure this victory. We must make some allowances for the allegations of violence, bribery, corruption and illegal pressure which the defeated parties bring against the Government. The adoption of such methods is nothing new in Hungary, and they were certainly used with signal success against Slovaks and Roumanian candidates by the late National Government. The use of such extreme measures was certainly open to Count Geza Fejervary four years ago, but they would have been absolutely powerless as against a strong and united national sentiment. Voting is absolutely open and there is no secrecy of the ballot. Every village arrives at the chief town of the constituency in separate bands according to their party, with banners flying. If they meet on the way there is trouble, and they are therefore separated. For these reasons pressure is particularly easy to the Government, and it has been duly exercised. It is easy enough to understand that the Government may have had every inducement to display all its power against those parties which had used the "honved", or local militia, against the Roumanians and Slovaks. What puzzles the outside observer is, whether the Government has been wise in using this pressure as against those Nationalities whom they had come to protect against Magyar tyranny. Many accusations have been brought against the authorities. Thus it is alleged that at Okros the Roumanian candidate was arrested and imprisoned, that at Villagos the people protested against a similar outrage, and that owing to their protests the military were called in. Several were killed and wounded in the fray. Again, on May 31, two regiments of infantry were despatched from Graz and Klagenfurth into Hungary. At Szakolcza, in Niytra county, the whole town was surrounded by a cordon of troops, who only allowed supporters of the Ministerial candidates to pass. Mr. Seton Watson ("Scotus Viator") also tells how some four thousand Slovaks were kept outside the town for several hours. When they at last got through they were driven back from the polling booths so effectively that the Slovak candidate withdrew his candidature to prevent bloodshed. These various incidents must detract from the value of the Ministerial victory, especially when it is remembered that Count Khuen Hedervary professes to desire a genuine measure of franchise reform which will give universal suffrage on totally different lines from those laid down in Count Andrássy's ill-starred Bill. The success of these methods is, however, conclusive proof of the change effected in Hungarian sentiment by three years of National Government. The great question must now be that of franchise reform, and upon that it is alleged that Count Khuen Hedervary is by no means at one with Count Stephen Tisza, for whilst the former would prefer universal secret suffrage, the latter would not care to go further than to double the present number of voters. Whatsoever their views may be, there must be no tinkering with the problem. If the Government want to strengthen their position and give it some durability they must face the problem on broad and comprehensive lines, giving to every Nationality its fair share in the representation of the country. If they fail to tackle this problem on these lines their fortunes must be in extreme jeopardy. They have an admirable opportunity of freeing Hungary from the domination of the Magyars, and their future is irretrievably involved in this problem.

BUCKET-SHOPS AND THE LAW.

IS it not time that the Public Prosecutor took up the case of bucket-shops, blackmailing "rags", and the financial vultures who prey upon the bottomless credulity of investors "out for" cent. per cent.? These questions are suggested by the prosecution for libel of

one Saxeby, sometime assistant editor of the "Cosmopolitan Financier", by Demetrius Delyannis, editor and proprietor of the aforesaid "rag". Delyannis filed a criminal information for libel against Saxeby, a proceeding which, we may explain to our lay readers, puts upon the defendant the onus of proving not only that the libel is true in substance and in fact, but that its publication is for the public benefit. Saxeby, tired of doing Delyannis' dirty work, published a pamphlet in which he accused his employer of professing to expose the frauds of bucket-shops whilst he ran a bucket-shop himself, defrauding widows and spinsters of their money by pretending to sell them shares which he had not got, and owning and editing the "Cosmopolitan Financier", which blackmailed promoters and directors of companies. The jury found that the libellous pamphlet was true in substance and in fact, and that its publication was for the public benefit. Judgment was thereupon entered for the defendant, and the prosecutor was ordered to pay the costs, which he may or may not be able to do. The question is whether the prosecutor in this case, which is only typical of many others, should not be turned into the defendant by the Public Prosecutor. As it is, our hungry Greekling, the nephew of a former Prime Minister of Greece, is turned loose upon society, free to begin again under some alias, which he knows so well how to assume, his exploitation of the foolish sailors and silly women, who will swallow any financial hook provided the bait is sufficiently tempting. Parliament has passed a great many complicated laws for the regulation of joint-stock companies, with a view to safeguard the interests of stupid and ignorant investors. These laws are so harassing and so absurdly severe upon directors, who are assumed to be wretches wandering underpaid between the confines of crime and lunacy, that our really able financiers refuse to sit on boards. No competent commercial man will run the risk of being ruined by a mistake in a prospectus, or by one of the miscalculations which are common to all ventures in business. But while by our Company Acts we frighten away the best men in the City from the direction of joint-stock companies, we leave the more vulgar bird of prey, the blackmailer, the bogus promoter, the bucket-shop "broker", to the action of the criminal law, which somehow does not seem to act when it is most wanted.

In reading the case of Demetrius Delyannis, which, as we said, is merely typical of many others that crop up every day in the City, one does not know which to admire more—the industry and ingenuity of the bird of prey, or the boundless folly and unfathomable ignorance of his victims. Delyannis really put into the "Cosmopolitan Financier" and its network of bogus companies an amount of brain-power which would certainly have secured him a fortune of some kind if applied to honest and straightforward projects. Saxeby, who wrote companies up or down according as the "ad." was given or withheld, had quite a good journalistic style. Surely these two men might have employed their very genuine ability in better ways than the mazes of bucket-shop finance. There is a similarity in the methods of all financial sharks. First and most necessary implement of warfare, there is the financial newspaper, used to push the wares of "advertising specialists" and to threaten promoters. Then there is the bogus bank, to receive deposits and on which to draw cheques. Then there are the various bogus companies, with dummy directors and a tame secretary and sham shareholders who hold imaginary meetings, duly reported in the organ of the gang. All the apparatus of the City freebooter was possessed by Delyannis and explained to the Common Serjeant and the jury. The retired British far who so firmly believed in the "superiority" of his financial adviser that he presented him with some simple lines on his Sovereign, the widow who deposited £200 in the bank that failed, the maiden lady at Manchester who paid for Rhodesian shares which she could not get delivered, Count Ward (well known in the City), who paid one hundred shares in a new company for an advertisement in the "rag"—all these victims of the financial rogue

were trotted out before the Old Bailey jury, with the result already stated. Is nothing to be done? When will the fools who think they can make money by speculation learn that it is not only safer but cheaper to deal with members of the Stock Exchange? The answer probably is Never; but that is where the law should intervene and force the fools to deal with duly licensed persons. Bucket-shops should either be suppressed as illegal or they should be licensed like other callings that may be hurtful to the public. Doctors and money-lenders and vendors of spirits and tobacco are obliged to take out a licence to ply their trade. Why not the keepers of bucket-shops? They would then be registered and under the eye of the police; complaints of their conduct could be made easily and quickly, and they would be much more careful than they are now in dealing with the savings of the widow and the sailor.

THE CITY.

THE week has been a very quiet and dull one in the Stock Exchange. The tradition regarding the unluckiness of a nineteen-day account still lingers, and with nothing of a stimulating character to encourage dealings business has fallen away to next to nothing. We have still to derive the full benefit of the reduction in the Bank rate, as the Treasury retains in hand all the money it has received from the belated tax collections and gives no indication of parting with the enormous sum. We are accustomed to see such big lock-ups of funds in the United States Treasury, but it is a novelty with us and not understood. When the money does begin to get into circulation there will be a surfeit, and it will be interesting to see whether the plethora will have any effect upon gilt-edged securities. The remarkable thing is that the Stock Exchange is not preparing for a big investment demand by putting up prices. It must come unless we have some upheaval in European politics, and the German Emperor is the pivot on which these revolve. Unfortunately his Imperial Majesty is reported to be in bad health, which may or may not be a reason for keeping things back in the Stock Exchange. The most disappointing market is that for Home railway stocks. Prices forge ahead for a day or two, only to slip back to within a little of their previous level. The explanation is that whatever buying takes place is purely speculative, and whenever a profit is shown it is snapped up. Investors apparently ignore the increase of £1,170,000 shown in gross receipts for the twenty-three weeks of the current half-year, and refuse to recognise the vastly improved conditions under which the companies are working as compared with three or four years ago. It may be brought home to them when the full results of the half-year's working are published, but it astonishes us that so much apathy is now shown in the position.

A rude shock has been given to speculators in Grand Trunk securities. It appears that the employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are asking for an increase of 23 per cent. in wages, and that the directors are prepared to concede the greater part of this rather than have a strike. They are so prosperous that they can well afford to meet the demand. For many years the wages on the Grand Trunk have been lower than on the Canadian Pacific, and though the disparity has frequently been a matter of comment it has never led to open rupture. The Railway Union, however, is now working might and main to bring the two companies into line, and, as this means that wages on the Grand Trunk would need to be raised 40 per cent., it will readily be understood that the directors have a serious situation to face. The wages bill of the company for six months probably averages £400,000, and 40 per cent. added to this would mean a reduction in net revenue of £160,000, and the disappearance of all chance of a dividend on the Third Preference stock.

We recently drew attention to the exceptional character of the Antofagasta Railway Preferred Ordinary stock as an investment. The report of the directors just issued puts the position in an even more favourable

light. With a net revenue of £609,000 for the year, the company has been enabled to transfer £113,000 to reserve, to write off £43,600 expenses incurred in issuing Preference stock, and, after meeting all prior charges, to declare a dividend on the Deferred Ordinary stock of 7½ per cent. for the year. The Preferred Ordinary ranks immediately in front of the last-mentioned, and has therefore a considerable amount of security behind it. Should the company continue to progress, the contingency may arise as to a division of surplus profits after 10 per cent. has been paid on the Deferred Ordinary. This is not such a very improbable event, and it adds to the speculative value of the Preferred Ordinary, now quoted at 101 only.

Molson's Bank, one of the oldest in Canada, is offering capital stock for \$500,000, in \$100 shares at \$216 each, equal to just over £44. Dividends have been regularly paid since the starting of the bank fifty-five years ago, and during the last four years at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Assets are shown by the balance-sheet on 30 September last to have exceeded liabilities by \$7,345,000.

INSURANCE.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST.

THE affairs of the Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Society are again attracting attention. The society had an Ordinary share capital of £2,000,000 in £10 shares, of which only £1 per share had been paid up until last year, when £4 per share was called. After the failure of the society at the end of 1909 it became apparent that the remaining capital would be required for meeting the liabilities, but it was anticipated that it could be called up gradually. Voluntary liquidation was agreed upon, largely because it was thought that this course would give the shareholders a longer time in which to pay the large sum of £1,000,000 for which they are responsible.

At the end of last April the Court directed that the total unpaid balance of £5 per share be called up and paid by 1 July. An application has been made to vary this order, the applicants asking that there should be ten calls of 10s. each spread over five years. At the time of writing we are unaware of the result of this application. It is contended on behalf of the creditors, who, it appears, are not likely to be paid in full in any case, that there will be a loss of interest by deferring the calls, and that a less amount of capital is likely to be realised. On behalf of the shareholders it is maintained that some of them are quite unable to pay the whole £5 per share immediately, but that they would be able to do so by instalments spread over a long period, and that consequently ten calls spread over five years would yield a larger sum than one immediate call. There is probably a considerable element of truth in both contentions, and, however great the sympathy for the unfortunate shareholders, the creditors are doubtless entitled to claim the adoption of whatever course is likely to yield them the largest sum. It is probably difficult for anybody but the liquidators to estimate even approximately how things stand. A forced realisation of the assets would involve a very heavy loss, and it is possible that they could be disposed of to better advantage if a large sum of money were available at once. Every consideration should be, and doubtless will be, shown to the shareholders, but this can scarcely be done at the price of serious loss to the creditors, and where the balance of advantage lies only those who have inside knowledge can judge.

Another matter that is being much discussed is the question of a full inquiry into the conduct of the business and the causes of the failure. When voluntary liquidation was decided upon it was said by Sir Edward Clarke at the meeting of shareholders that inquiry was just as possible under voluntary as under compulsory liquidation. This may be, but it is not now apparent that there will be any investigation at all. Such an inquiry would cost money, and it is urged that the

creditors cannot be expected to let any part of their assets be used in this way. It will certainly be unsatisfactory in the extreme if a failure of this character is allowed to pass without the fullest possible inquiry into its causes and into the conduct of the directors and management. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, Sir Rufus Isaacs said it was not within the power of the Attorney-General to order an investigation into the circumstances attending the failure. It could only be instituted by a change from voluntary to compulsory liquidation and on *prima facie* evidence of fraud against individuals who could be made responsible for the management and control. If this is the real state of the case it is much to be regretted, not only in the interests of creditors and shareholders but in those of other insurance companies and of commercial institutions as a whole. In the United States, when there was much talk about irregularities in some of the insurance companies a committee was appointed which examined the whole subject very thoroughly, with the beneficial result that the solvency of the companies was abundantly demonstrated, confidence in them was re-established, and reforms were introduced. Machinery exists in this country for inquiry into wrecks and railway accidents, even when no loss of life occurs, and it seems a singular anomaly that there should be no means of probing to the bottom a case like that of the Law Guarantee.

Quite apart from the question how the business was conducted, it is now apparent, and perhaps should have been apparent always, that the main business of the company—namely, insuring mortgages and debentures—was inherently unsound in principle; it differed entirely from the business of ordinary insurance companies. These offices guarantee payments in the event of contingencies such as fire, accident, or death, the occurrence of which is in no way dependent upon the financial conditions of the company. In the very nature of things the insurance of mortgages is in the first place only necessary when there is some element of risk about them, so that the policies were only issued in connection with second-class securities. Any suspicion of weakness on the part of the guaranteeing society produces the calling in of the mortgages at the first opportunity, so subjecting the society to further strain and more claims upon its resources. Inherently different in character from insurance companies in general, the failure of the Law Guarantee, so far from suggesting doubts about other insurance offices, should draw attention to the soundness of their methods. This was demonstrated by the Law Guarantee itself, which succeeded in connexion with forms of insurance adopted by other companies, and failed by departing from established principles.

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE.

By DESMOND MACCARTHY.

A VISIT to the Court Theatre would convince anyone that Ireland is a foreign country. An English audience at "The Playboy of the Western World" feels in the presence of a national spirit more conclusively alien to its own than while watching, for instance, the frantic agitations of the Sicilian players. The Sicilian peasant plays were dramas of romantic passion. They excited and delighted us because for once we saw jealousy, passion and revenge really credibly represented as sweeping everything before them. We were convinced that they were irresistible because every gesture in the actors, every incident on the stage, betrayed the absolute supremacy of impulse. But it is not the primitive impulses—they are the same all the world over, nor the degrees to which they are controlled in different latitudes, which create that elusive quality "nationality". It is the divergence between the imaginations of men brought up among surroundings and traditions strange to each other, which distinguishes them so conclusively; and though nationality may ultimately defy analysis, artists express it in their

work. That is what the Irish Theatre is doing for Ireland.

English people are puzzled not only by the peculiar quality of an Irishman's imagination, but by its playing so great a part in his life. "The Playboy of the Western World" and "The Well of the Saints" are profound studies of Irish character because their theme is the astonishing extent to which the Irish peasant lives in his imagination. In "The Well of the Saints" a blind old couple are quite happy begging and hitching along the roads, catching hints of the beauty of the world from the smell of may, the touch of grass and the voices of the young, until the holy water restores their sight; but the moment their eyes are opened they cannot bear the sight of themselves or each other: the world was sweeter to them divined than seen. They implore the hermit to blind them again, so that they may go on living in the imagination.

In "The Playboy of the Western World" Christy Mahon was a hero to all the countryside so long as he was telling the story of his mighty blow with which he clove his father's skull; but when the old man himself turns up in pursuit, and Christy in frantic desire to live up to his reputation for "savagery" in Pegeen's eyes, attempts to finish him off, the impression he makes is very different.

Christy Mahon (to Pegeen): "And what is it you'll say to me, and I after doing it this time in the face of all?"

Pegeen: "I'll say a strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk; but what's a squabble in your backyard, and the blow of a boy, have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed. Take him on from this, or the lot of us will be likely put on trial for his deed to-day." Christy had not realised that it was only as a hero in a story he cut such a figure as a parricide on the coast of Mayo.

Mr. Yeats assures us that "The Playboy of the Western World" has more of Ireland in its men and women, in its method of art, in its conception of morals, than there is in all the host of novels on Irish life and character. Even without his authority we would easily believe it. Works of creative sympathy such as this always convince. Dublin did not like it; it resembled satire, and, owing to patriotic journalism, Dublin tends to look at things Irish through sentimental English spectacles. But like everything which is genuine fruit of that "impartial meditation about character and destiny we call the artistic life", Synge's work is surely making way. That the conception of morals in the play might be boggled at by those most anxious to exhibit the Irish peasant as he would appeal to platform sympathies, is comprehensible enough. I have heard it hotly denied that Christy's tale of killing his father would recommend him in Mayo, and asserted that if Synge had only made him kill his uncle instead, he would have been accurate enough. The point seems a small one. The significant thing is that the play shows that the Irish peasant is "of imagination all compact". How eagerly they listen to anything which stirs their imaginations is shown by the number of half-daft old people going up and down the country, whose tales of what they say, or fancy, they have seen, procure them many a mug of milk or poteen. Ireland is the country of conversation, where the power of talking and the gift of fantasy are held in highest honour. It is as much for his "poet's talking" as for his "bravery of heart" that Christy is admired. In Lady Gregory's one-act comedy "The Workhouse Ward", two half-bedridden old men spend their time side by side rating and crabbing each other. The sister of one of them comes in and offers him a home. He accepts with joy, and in a rising chant imagines all the good things awaiting him. "The goat and the kid are there, the sheep and the lamb are there, the cow does be running and she coming to be milked! . . . Wheat high in hedges, no talk about the rent! Salmon in the rivers as plenty as turf! Spending and getting and nothing scarce! Sport and pleasure, and music on the strings! Age will go from me and I will be young again. Geese and turkeys by the hundreds and drink for the whole

world!" His enemy is terribly depressed at the prospect of losing him, and the promise of tobacco does not comfort him. "All that I am craving is the talk. There to be no one at all to say out to whatever thought might be rising in my innate mind!" The other begins to reflect, too, on that loss, and after failing to persuade his sister to take them both away together, he thinks better of her offer. "I am thinking may be—it is a mean thing for a man that is shivering into seventy years to go changing from place to place." She goes and they begin quarrelling again.

And what a speech this race of tremendous conversers has evolved! Ornate, fantastical, precise, decked with allusions which have come floating down the stream of talk from the newspapers, the poets, the Bible; sharpened by the struggle for bare existence; enlarged by meditation on the hillsides and by broodings over ember fires, it has become a fit vesture for laughter and tears, desolation and derision. Its rhythms are beautiful and they often gain from the meditative rapidity with which the sentences finish on the lips.

As might be expected in the speech of a people who live so much in the imagination—where you can have things as glorious as you please, their phrases stigmatising the shabby and shiftless reality which surrounds them are terribly direct and bitter. There are no words to discolour and disparage actual things like those of an Irish peasant. And does not the humour of these Irish plays spring from this perpetual contrast between the free, shining, imaginative life inside the persons in these comedies, peeping out at every flourish in their talk, and the littleness and squalor of their actual existence? That is what the English audience laughs at. What perplexes them is the rapidity with which the Irishman drops from one mode of contemplating life to the other; one moment he seems all poetry and romance, the next he is a remorseless realist. Sometimes these two contradictory aspects of life neighbour each other so intimately in his head, that the result is that peculiar blend of feeling (perplexing to the matter-of-fact, and usually regarded as a comical weakness) which is specifically labelled "Irish". It is in the realm of feeling what "the bull" is in language, and it lent to that frivolously profound spirit, Laurence Sterne, the ambiguity of his flying touch, who saw man, in the same moment, emotionally and as a little mechanism moved by touching springs.

The degree to which the Irish playwrights have felt the drop from the imaginative to the realistic mode of feeling, softened in their case by no feather mattress of sentimentalism, is the clue to what is most characteristic in each. Mr. Yeats has never taken the leap at all; he spreads his wings in the world of pure imagination. Between the two who have understood the Irish peasant best, Synge and Lady Gregory, a contrast at once appears. Synge was a poet; Lady Gregory is a natural humorist and a woman. There are no comedies in the language more full of abundant, spontaneous humour than hers. When you see them you say, first, "How slight, what a trifle"—then "but this is the purest essence of good-humoured laughter". Women generally find it easier than men to accept life as it is (it is that power which makes them often so disconcertingly sensible), and a humorist is one who is sensitive to the clash between the ideal and the actual without being made angry or depressed by it. But the drop from the romantic to the actual is terrible to the poet. Both Lady Gregory and Synge took the same subject, the Irish peasant, an amphibious being living in both elements; the one draws laughter from the straddling contradiction of his life, the other beauty, a beauty which might be expected from a poet handling such a subject—stoical and sardonic.

I have said nothing about the acting of these plays. Indeed, it is too good to make brief comment interesting. The Irish National Theatre is fortunate in the possession of actors so versatile and sure as Miss Marie O'Neill, Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. Arthur Sinclair.

A PARIS CAFÉ.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IT exists to gratify appetite rather than to satisfy hunger; it is one of the greatest granaries of wild oats that have been established in cosmopolitan Paris as a kind of international reserve of that commodity, in case the crop should ever fail. In a word, it is a restaurant held in great repute by the disreputable, famous among the infamous, as well as among the great throng of the reputable and the famous who in their hours of relaxation or curiosity have at one time or another sat at its tables.

It is hard for anyone who has never been there, or in some similar place in Paris or Vienna, to realise what it is like. It is hard for one sitting six hundred miles away, with the sound of the sea in his ears, to believe that it is a real place, or that its tragic life goes on in daily ebb and flow, as punctual as the tides, whether he remembers it or not. Such a chain of reality intervenes—downs, windswept in the stormy night; the salt dark waves of the Channel; fields newly turned by the plough; cottages, farmsteads, docks, railways, towns—and at the end of this dark perspective, as I look in imagination, the lurid spot of light in the heart of Paris that might well to the Puritan mind stand for an image of Hela, or reveal the company of the damned sitting feasting in the very glare of Tophet. Yet if I were suddenly to be transported across the intervening miles—I, or anyone willing to view what he saw with a mind open and sensitive to impression, we should at once begin to fall under the spell; to find it interesting, to find it fascinating, to feel that it was reality, and that the world beyond was a phantom and a dream. A very real and strenuous life—the life of Paris herself, the life of France—flows round it, as a broad river eddies and swirls round an islet, leaving it forgotten or unheeded; on the one side of the wall there is the modern world of industry, commerce, politics—on the other this frank Pagan worship of Bacchus and Venus.

There is nothing particularly French about it; nothing Parisian, even, in the true sense of the word—except in so far as it represents something foreign which can yet only flourish to perfection in Paris—that friendly soil to which (to use a contradiction) so many alien plants are indigenous. There are so many Parises—the Paris of the artist, of the diplomat, of the financier, of the milliner, of the rich Jew, of the poor Frenchman, the Paradise of the American, the Inferno of the Puritan—and each feels that he, and he alone, holds the key to her fascinating mysteries. Our café belongs to none of these; it is of the Paris of expensive pleasure, designed for that cosmopolitan race of money-spenders that Paris in her heart so dearly loves and so warmly welcomes. Englishmen and Americans are its chief patrons—because it represents something that cannot exist in England or America. New York may imitate the externals, but it cannot achieve the nameless atmosphere of gaiety, the heartless happiness of Paris. There was—happily is no more—a terrible and doleful travesty of it in London; a place which offered a spectacle of intrinsic indecency and horror only possible in a Puritan country and under a grandmotherly legislation; for grandmothers, however active they may be for our welfare, cannot go everywhere, and have a way of assuming that the horrors they do not see are all right, or else are necessary horrors. A café like this in London is as impossible as Simpson's would be in Buda-Pesth. It represents something which the Englishman, if he recognises its existence at all, prefers to keep outside his native life; a commodity which he is content to purchase in a foreign market, and has no ambition to produce at home—which in this case is sound fiscal wisdom, and the only true Protection.

There is nothing aesthetically indecent about it or ugly to the eye. Laughter is not ugly; women's clothes, as made in Paris, are not often ugly; bright eyes are not ugly; wine and flowers and jewels, and the demeanour of people willing to amuse and to be amused, are not ugly; to see people happy, amused, forgetful of

the shadowy side of life, for however brief a time or by whatever means, is not an ugly sight. And the interest of our café just depends on how far you take it for what it offers and pretends to be, and not for what it actually is or may be. Tragedies and mortal sins are not its concern; you go there on your own responsibility; if you cannot enjoy yourself there without these disagreeable consequences, that is your own affair. In other words, it is a little corner of the universe raised, so to speak, to a higher power; the laws that obtain there are the laws that govern life everywhere; like every part and corner of the earth it is a school of philosophy for those who wish to learn, and a school of damnation for those who wish to be damned. You may learn your philosophy a little sooner or be damned a little quicker there than in other places—that is all.

That is why our café is interesting to artists, and to all of us whose business it is to study human nature in as many places and under as many different conditions as possible; that is why the faces of some of its frequenters have been seen on so many canvases, and faces and characters alike given an immortality so strangely inconsistent with their brief destinies. There is something in its atmosphere—an atmosphere from which the ugly vice of hypocrisy is entirely absent—that acts as a reagent on certain natures, selecting and precipitating the more human qualities. Men, at any rate, are very much themselves there; even the fearfully-minded, and those suffering from a sense of misbehaviour, are fortified by a consciousness that all are in the same boat, and the absence of the disapproving eye seems to release something in their facial expression, so that a face which may be familiar to us as hard, or furtive, or mean, becomes transfigured, and beams openly with frank and genial enjoyment. A sense of shame may be a very salutary virtue—I am not so sure of that; at any rate, it is very demeaning to the appearance; and it is to the credit of this place that you will never see anyone look ashamed there. You may see faces tired, wearied to death; you may see faces sorry, faces angry, you may see the expressions of hatred, desire, and jealousy in all their terrible nakedness; but the disfigurement of shame on a human countenance I think you will not see there. The reason is, that people are there either themselves or are accepted for what they wish to seem; and, in these circumstances, no one is ever ashamed.

The interest of these midnight hours as a human spectacle depends entirely on how deep you go. You must not go deep at all if you wish to be a partner with the spirit of gaiety. It is all a surface, polished and faceted; the joy is as deep as a mirror—no deeper. On the surface you have laughter, pretty faces, eager eyes, wine, flowers, stimulation of all the centres of sensuous enjoyment. Look a little deeper, and you will notice the tiredness that underlies the gaiety on some of these beautiful women's faces, and, I fear, the extreme vacuity of some of the men's; the gaiety seems artificial. A little deeper, it is the sheer interest and curiosity of it that will appeal to you, quite impersonally. A little deeper, and you see that under the glittering surface, moving to the captivating measures of the music, a little world of the virtues is at work—courage, anxieties bravely concealed, humanity on the part of the brutal, kindness shown by the unkind—it becomes admirable. A little deeper, and the basis of it all is perceived to be selfishness, lust, and greed; it becomes, for its fine trappings, primitive and sordid. Deeper still, and you see the terrible abyss, empty as death, over which it hangs; and it becomes, according to your temperament, the most cruel of farces or most hideous of tragedies. If your mind insists on carrying you below the surface, you had better stop at the third story down; or, if you are an incorrigible sentimentalist, at the fourth. No deeper, at your peril: you have no business there, you can do nothing there except suffer and be miserable—and what good is that? Fortunately there seems to be no tendency on the part of the principal patrons to descend below the surface; for, if the custom were otherwise, this café-restaurant would close next week.

One deeper interest than that of the mere surface it

is, perhaps, permissible to notice—at any rate for me, as I am not an habitué. It has the tragic fascination of all places that hold eloquent echoes and memories of voices and faces departed. Amid the gay, merry throng at the many tables, beside those who feast and those who sing, between lover and mistress, buyer and bought, sit the ghosts of men and women who have feasted there, who have been glad there, been sorry there. They sit, for those who have eyes to see them, like skeletons at the nightly feast, to remind the revellers that joy may endure for a night but that heaviness comes in the morning; and that heaviness rather than happiness is the true nature of the life of pleasure. For many of those ghosts this scene of colour and movement, of brilliant, tragic activity, with its smouldering fires and its endless languishing strains of music, has been their last heaven-upon-earth—so real and desirable to them once, so entirely unreal and unimportant now! And for you, also, who are not a ghost, its reality will only last while you are there. Once let the great doors swing behind you and you are in another world, on which, perhaps, the sun is just rising. And long after the summer dawn has come, it may be full garish night in the café; only you will not believe it. It is the night of a dream, the city of a dream, of which, if you searched for it by daylight, you would find no trace.

PIANO-PLAYING AND MONKEY-TRICKS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A FRIEND has sent me a few lines of amiable expostulation touching my article last week. Translated out of the language of perfect courtesy into plain, blunt speech, he says I am an inveterate grumbler. Once upon a time my articles teemed with piteous complaints and bitter gibes about the staleness of programmes; now the staleness can no longer be complained of, and it is the number of novelties that stirs up my wrath. Any stick will do to beat a dog, that poor ill-used dog the concert-giver, with. Then "Why!" he exclaims with more emphasis than truth, "you used to pine for genuinely English composers, and yet you damn indiscriminately each Englishman as he comes forward." Well, it was said, and is even now said—generally by way of answering a grumbler—that the special, exclusive, eternal privilege of an Englishman, his inalienable right, not to say his principal joy, was and is to grumble; and it will be hard indeed if by becoming a musical critic an Englishman must forfeit this right and sacred pleasure. I have no space to-day to deal with my attitude to the younger Englishmen; nor is my object to defend myself against the first charge: at least not to put in any direct justification of my doings in this Review. Each article must justify itself in the eyes of the reader as he reads, or it is not a clearly written article: if a critic begins the game of writing each article simply to explain the last he gets himself into a fine muddle and finds it harder to "explain his explanations" than it was to set forth his views and feelings in the first instance. Let me confine myself to mentioning three programmes, two of which have been played through, the third being that of Mr. Percy Grainger, who gives a piano recital next Tuesday afternoon in Æolian Hall. The results of the first two, if they do not justify my remarks, show that a large proportion of concert-goers are in agreement with me. Saint-Saëns gave his second Mozart-concerto performance on Wednesday. It was impossible for me to attend, but a friend went for the purpose of observing. The audience, he assures me, was scanty—no larger, I judge, than that of the week before. The programme was one which I commended, while pointing out its inevitable monotony. On the same afternoon Pachmann gave his concert at Queen's Hall. Here is the list of pieces: Concerto in E minor (Chopin) for piano and orchestra; Jarnafelt's præludium, played by the New Symphony Orchestra—conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald; four small Chopin piano things; the Siegfried Idyll and Chopin's F minor piano concerto. This I attended and will say something about presently; for

the moment let me point out that this was a fine and interesting programme and it drew, allowing for the dullness of this season, quite a good audience. Here is Mr. Grainger's programme, which I venture to call an ideal one: first Tchaikowsky's G major sonata (Op. 37); then two Scarlatti sonatinas, some old Dutch dances and songs, arranged for piano, a sketch by Albeniz, a dance of Stanford transcribed by Mr. Grainger, two pieces by Schumann and one by Chopin, and, to wind up, an Irish reel arranged by Mr. Grainger for strings, to be played by the Langley-Mukle quartet. There are novelties enough here, and yet enough of the older stuff to prevent the new wearying one's ears. I have never heard Mr. Grainger play, nor do I know whether he gets large audiences; but it is safe to assert that even if he should prove only a passable pianist his programme will attract, and a repetition, or just such another, will prove a success. This, then, is my comment on my friend's remonstrance. The novelties of the present day soon grow wearisome, because there was never a period in musical history when composers devoted themselves so whole-heartedly to getting "effects"—and those all of the same kind.

That was a rash undertaking made by me last week—to be at Saint-Saëns' second concert. It was seriously meant at the time, but a choice between hearing Saint-Saëns play Mozart for two hours and watching Pachmann play Chopin's two concertos was really not a choice at all. The concertos are very rarely to be heard nowadays—at no time could they be heard frequently—and they are things that one must listen to attentively once or twice in a lifetime. There was, as has been said, all things considered, a satisfactory audience—at any rate it must have been pleasing to Mr. Pachmann, for it grinned almost as much as he did and gesticulated sometimes almost as wildly as he did. It is many years since I had the indefinable pleasure of seeing Pachmann play the piano; and in the interval he has changed very little. His antics are as amusing, if as unnecessary, as ever; one wonders, as in former times, what they are all about; one resents their intrusion in a concert entirely devoted to serious music. A Pachmann recital or concert is something between an ordinary concert and a comic "turn" in a music-hall. Serious concerts are very well in their way, if they are not too dull; and humorous "turns" are amusing, if they are not too stupid—which, by the way, they generally are. The combination is, to such a serious person as myself, unspeakably bad, abominable. One does not know for whom to feel sorrier, the antic who is creating the laughter or the people who laugh. On Wednesday there was some stage-business with bunches of flowers which humiliated one. Yet, on the other hand, Pachmann rendered some parts of E minor concerto in a really great manner; and only his tomfooleries in the smaller pieces prevented my enjoyment of playing that very often was really great—in fact, I should not exaggerate if I said that at times he was superb. I have just remarked that, in many respects, he is much the same Pachmann as he was, say, twenty years ago. Of course he is twenty years older; and, if it cannot be confidently affirmed that he is twenty years wiser, at least his playing is twenty times bigger, broader, more powerful and beautiful than it was in those prehistoric days. There was no mere flicking of scale or arpeggio passages: they all rang out and sang out, resonant and full of a true piano quality of tone, a tone full of the right singing quality and entering the ears opulent and satisfying without any suspicion of tubbiness.

It is not my intention to find any faults with Pachmann after expressing my high admiration for the artistic part of his performance. But, by way of supporting what I did not so much assert as leave to be inferred in the opening paragraph of this essay, I may be permitted to point out that by omitting (as I presume he did) the Siegfried Idyll he rather ruined a delightful concert. He took such an unconscionable time in gathering together his floral purchases or gifts, and in handing one to Mr. Landon Ronald—who had, it is true, conducted splendidly the Jarnafelt præludium and

the accompaniment to the first concerto—and in playing encore pieces, that apparently it was deemed advisable to pass straight from the last of these encore pieces to the F minor concerto. Horror! I was anticipating a few minutes of intense pleasure from a bit of Richard Wagner, gorgeous, passionate, full-blooded, in the midst of Chopin's frail delicacies; and when Pachmann and Ronald came on together, and it was obvious that Wagner was to be missed out, I retired precipitately lest the courteous attendants (with polite explanations) should keep me in the hall during the first movement in the imminent Chopin affair. Perhaps I missed something; perhaps I did not. Chopin, interpreted by Pachmann, as Pachmann was on Wednesday, is interesting; but some relief was needed. Even Pachmann's own caprioles and grimaces were not of the nature of comic relief. Comic they always were; but we had had so much of them that they, too, had grown monotonous. Still, it was a good concert; would that all my recollections of Pachmann-Chopin concerts were as satisfying.

Mr. Beecham's season at His Majesty's must be left over for my next article. The Mozart performances next week will undoubtedly be well worth attending; and if the London public does not attend them in force some words of reproof, not unmingled with terms of scorn and contempt, will have to be uttered. "Cosi fan Tutti" and "Il Seraglio" are lovely, lively and piquant operettas which have lain far too long unplayed in London. They belong to the category of novelties which get forgotten and brought up again, world without end. They differ vastly in quality from those other novelties which are produced at our provincial festivals—novelties for which a general description might be

... , oratorio for soloists, chorus and orchestra,

By Sir , Mus. Doc.

(Last time of performance).

A NOBLE SUFFRAGETTE.

OF the Suffragettes of the Fronde the last, the noblest, the most amusing is Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, in her own right Duchesse de Montpensier, daughter of the cowardly and cynical Monsieur alias Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII. She is sitting on Palm Sunday 1652 at her supper at the Luxembourg wondering whether the chance of playing a part in the Fronde and of winning at the sword's point the hand of her youthful cousin the King will come to her at last. Her father has been talking gravely to her to-day. She knows that the royal army is threatening alike the town of Orleans and her beloved Condé, and she knows that this father is too cowardly to go to save them himself. Will he send her in his place, she wonders? She can scarcely believe her ears for joy when Condé's faithful henchman De Tavannes suddenly enters and says "We are happy; it is you who are to go to Orleans". Her greatest hope is realised, and she sets about to make elaborate preparations for the adventure. And there is so much to be arranged that it is only at 2 a.m. that she can seek her pillow. All the same, she rises with the dawn, and wends her way to church to ask a blessing on the quest. The prayers are said and she goes back to the Luxembourg to receive her father's parting counsels. But the tidings that this tall, fair, blue-eyed girl, whom Paris knows so well, is to go this dread adventure have spread far and wide. So when she enters Monsieur's hall clad in her green country costume laced with gold, two comtesses and a marquise by her side and a beplumed equerry behind, all the wit and beauty of Paris is gathered there to say farewell, while in the courtyard there is a cheering mob. The company is sympathetic in part, in part sarcastic; but the whisper of the astrologer, who has traced her fate in the stars, is a real comfort. Hardest to bear are her father's double pronouncements, his public proclamation that in all things she must be obeyed at Orleans and his side whispers that she must not have too free a hand. It is a relief when the old man has waved his last adieu from the window and her carriage is rolling through the country roads.

The first day of the journey passes without adventure, but on Tuesday afternoon a few miles from Etampes towers a welcome sight meets our Princess' eyes. Five hundred cavalry cuirassiers and light horsemen, Frenchmen some, others foreigners, but all wearing the Orleans colours, are waiting to escort her. The horsemen salute and form up round the carriage. Presently to their intense joy Mademoiselle quits her coach, mounts on horseback, and assumes the command. And her authority is sternly asserted. Every unhappy courier struggling to get through with dispatches she arrests and takes along with her. As evening falls the gay cavalcade clatters into Toury, and here there are awaiting her the Duc de Nemours and other chiefs of the war. The Duc informs Mademoiselle that the soldiers are rejoiced to see her in place of her father, and invites her to preside at the council of war. She makes a smiling protest and consents, to discover that the commanders are at daggers drawn among themselves. One duc would whisper to her apart. She waives him aside and bravely appeals to the whole council for unity and amity. They all pledge themselves to concord, and she retires to pore over the intercepted dispatches. But next morning as her calcade is pouring into the little town of Artenay black tidings reach her. The messenger who had ridden on to announce her coming meets her with the news that the good men of Orleans dare not receive her, for the king's troops are near. Will she not, they ask, pretend to be ill and stop at some neighbouring town until the royal army has departed? There are pale faces when the dread tidings are heard, but Mademoiselle's courage rises the higher. "I shall go straight on", she cries, "and if they will not admit me I shall persevere until I find a way. If I enter Orleans it will stir the friends of the good cause to enthusiasm, for when persons of my rank expose themselves the people are moved. At the worst I shall be imprisoned and treated with the respect due to my birth." And on she presses, though horseman after horseman meets her urging her to return, until at 11 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday the cavalcade sees the broad Loire, and the reins are drawn by the yawning moat that encircles the walls of Orleans.

Mademoiselle for a time sits in her carriage and contemplates the scene. The drawbridges are up, the gates are barred and the men-at-arms are on duty. But behind them on the battlements all Orleans is massed together watching the scene and, to her joy, cheering for the Fronde. Heedless of the warnings of officers, who tell her that she must be careful not to shock the respectable classes, she takes her comtesses and marquise a walk round the moat, shrieking loudly to her friends on the walls to bring the keys and let her in. The cheers continue but not a soul moves, and the maiden's heart grows sad within her for the good town which is lost unless she can enter it. At last she finds herself by La Porte de Salut, through which in days of yore Jeanne d'Arc passed. Here her keen eyes observe the Governor himself watching her through the porthole. Presently a stripling slips through a postern and hurries towards her. Has he brought the keys? He presents only a box of bon-bons with his lordship's compliments. Mademoiselle indignantly resumes her furious tramp past gate and gate, and at each gate the sentry salutes, but neither her smiles nor threats can move him to unbar the portals. At last she reaches the banks of the Loire, and here she finds true friends. There is a crowd of honest boatmen in red caps and striped shirts who have long been watching the scene with indignation. Up run these brave fellows and tell her that they will burst open a wooden postern hard by. She eagerly falls in with the idea, and rushes lightly as a pussy-cat (her own expression) up a bramble-crowned mound and showers on the labourers as the axes strike the wood words of cheer and golden coins. But now the mob within is moved to help the damsel in distress. Willing hands within co-operate with the workers without and the planks fall. Then two boats are placed together to bridge the moat, and in one a long ladder is placed. Mademoiselle observes that one of

the steps is broken, but up she springs, up as blithely as did Jeanne d'Arc of yore, and when her head appears through the gap officialism can resist no more. Willing hands pull her safely through and the band strikes up a greeting. A moment more and some stalwart fellows have placed her on a wooden chair and start to carry her shoulder high smiling and mud-stained to the Hôtel de Ville, while the band plays in front and the mob cheers behind. So they pass through street on street until Mademoiselle commands a halt for the comtesses and the marquise to arrive, as dirty and happy as herself. Then the triumphal march proceeds, until the Governor in his uniform and the councillors in their robes appear obsequious and crestfallen. Mademoiselle puts them at their ease with a smile. She knows well, she says, that they were going to open the gate. At last the dual lodgings are reached, and Mademoiselle listens patiently to the loyal addresses of bewildered officials. Then at last she retires within, but not to eat or to sleep, but to write to Paris the dispatch of triumph.

Maundy Thursday dawns, and in the early morning Mademoiselle is awakened by the alarums of war. The King's Chancellor is at the gates to demand an entry for the royal forces. At once Mademoiselle commands the presence of the Mayor, and in his company walks to Mass along the streets, across which chains have been drawn. The representatives of the Court must not, she declares, be allowed to enter. The mob is again up to do her bidding, and is cheering for the Fronde and cursing Mazarin. Mademoiselle hears Mass at the Church of S. Catherine, and then climbs up a high tower to see the discomfiture of her foes. Some of the emissaries of the Court look up to see Mademoiselle and her officers and to recognise the blue sashes of Orleans. Even the royal Chancellor, who is lingering at another gate, hears the triumphant shouts and realises that he has come too late. All he dares to do is to leave a letter and depart. Mademoiselle comes down and, taking the letter, solemnly burns it, and at the same time orders the guard to be strengthened. It is needless; the news soon comes that the Court and its forces have retreated. After a dinner with the bishop, Mademoiselle meets the City Fathers in the Hôtel de Ville. She is conducted to the chair of state, and then there is silence. A fear falls on her, for she sees that a speech is expected from her, and she has never before made a speech in her life. But she rises and explains the principles of the policy of the Fronde. It is love for the King and war against his evil advisers. The City Fathers express their gratitude, and Mademoiselle leaves in triumph for another council of war. That same evening in the Church of the Oratory after Tenebræ Paris hears that the new Maid of Orleans has saved her father's city.

LETTERS FROM WILD SPAIN:

THE EAGLE AND THE GOOSE.

BY WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

THIS title may be held by some to be reminiscent of a fable. The story, however, is no fable, but one of fact, attested to, not only by a succession of eye-witnesses at every stage who took part in the proceedings, but by the hero himself, who has told the story in the weekly press and gravely recorded the events in a scientific journal devoted to ornithology, and has since published a book in which he describes with surpassing fidelity each step in the drama, crowning all by reproducing a photograph of the scene of his exploits!

The presence of the various human actors will explain themselves as the story proceeds. That of the avian goose, amid such uncongenial surroundings, is, however, less easy to understand; hence I must ask leave to give some preliminary explanations on this point.

Some thirty odd years ago I was striving to out-manoeuvre the wily Grey-lag Geese which frequent the lagunas of Southern Spain in such vast numbers during the winter months. My particular companion was a brother-officer who had all my own keenness in the pursuit of wildfowl, coupled with an especial gift for

divining their probable lines of flight when disturbed. At first, by means of careful posting of the guns and much skill and care, we had some success in driving the geese. Soon they realised that it was far safer to fly at a height whence they could laugh at our 12-bore guns. It was now that my comrade evolved the plan of procuring some tame geese from Gibraltar and picketing them out on the plain about sixty yards in rear of the guns, the shooters being concealed in various ways, of which the most successful was digging a pit in which the gunner lay in ambush covered with reeds. The wild geese, upon being disturbed from some feeding-ground a mile or two distant, would make for another favourite spot. Herein lay my comrade's skill in forecasting the line they would take and in posting the ambushed guns and picketed geese to intercept them. And intercept them we did repeatedly. For even when flying high out of shot, as they neared their objective, upon hearing our geese call they would lower their flight and glide overhead with their stiff primary feathers recurved downwards, and thus give as good a chance of a shot as can well be imagined. But it was often a wearisome wait, and sometimes when half asleep I have been roused by the strident call of my tame goose as he sighted a party of wild Grey-lags on the wing afar off, and thus gave me warning.

It was the memory of this successful campaign against the otherwise inapproachable wild geese which caused me a few years ago to try to repeat the manoeuvre. So it came about that, after much haggling, I purchased a fine tame bird from a wily Moor in the market at Gibraltar, having first satisfied myself, by listening to its voice, that it must be a gander.

But upon landing on the pier at Algeciras an unexpected difficulty arose. The subordinate Custom House officer refused to allow the goose to enter Spain! It is idle to seek a reason in such cases. I have seen some harmless plant confiscated upon the ground that it might introduce phylloxera into the vineyards! In vain did I try all the means which form part of the armoury of every experienced Spanish traveller. It was not to be. No English officer had ever attempted to carry a live goose into Spain. So it was that I was driven to seek some way round. It was falling dark as I returned to the steamer, whence, after tying one end of a line to the goose's leg and the other to a float of wood, I dropped the bird overboard. In a short time it was among the breakers, and on reaching the strand one of my Spanish myrmidons caught it and brought it to my hotel in triumph. A clear case of *fera natura*, fairly captured. All my trouble, however, was in vain, for on arriving at my shooting-ground my goose, although fairly voluble at other times, whenever wild geese were about relapsed into gloomy silence. It was an absolute failure. I had expected everything from it and had got absolutely no return for all my labour and trouble. So I made it over to the good people of the cortijo where I dwell, and it prospered, enjoyed life immensely, and, being of a genial disposition, somehow got to be called after a distinguished Field Marshal who at the time attracted some attention. Incidentally I may mention that for many years past most of my living pets have received the names of celebrities of the day.

When early in the following spring I returned to my country quarters the first thing I saw upon entering the patio was a huge nest, and, perched on its summit, was my tame goose, who looked round at me in triumph, as much as to say "Don't you see I'm busy?" The murder was out. My "gander" was a goose! Naturally enough, the eggs in that nest were as infertile and addled as are any schemes of "Army reform" without compulsory service to put life into them. So much for the goose. We now come to the eagle.

Some six miles from my house in wild Spain there is a small cliff about two hundred feet in height, and close to its summit a pair of Bonelli's Eagles have nested for very many years. Up to the time I now write about, although I had constantly visited the spot, I had molested neither eggs nor young. It chanced

that only a few days after I had induced my tame goose to abandon the ungrateful task of incubating addled eggs I was riding past this cliff and saw the eagles at their nest. So, picketing my horse, I scrambled to the top of the cliff, and on looking over spied just below me the nest, in which was a most beautifully marked egg. Now, to a collector, no matter how much he may strive to curb his predatory instincts, such a sight is simply irresistible, since the great majority of Bonelli's Eagles' eggs are almost white. So it came about that I decided to return another day with some rope and to despoil the nest. This species of eagle, like several others, usually lays two eggs, so, in order to prevent the old bird from forsaking her nest, I provided myself with one of the goose's addled eggs to replace the eagle's. Geese eggs are, however, pure white and are also long and pointed, whereas eagles' eggs are short and rounded. On the day in question I was accompanied by two friends—Englishmen—to assist me in my descent to the nest. One of these suggested that the eagle might perhaps detect the difference in colouring of the goose's egg. Although I did not think this likely, I then and there pulled out my water-colour box and painted the goose's egg with rusty-coloured stains, using van-brown, burnt sienna and yellow ochre to give it as realistic an appearance as possible. I then dropped over into the nest and, after taking a series of photographs of the eagle's egg, basely abstracted it and replaced it with the painted and pointed goose's egg.

Upon returning to the base of the cliff, where we had picketed our horses, I found I had very carelessly left my metal egg-blowing pipe in the nest, having taken it out of my egg-box when engaged in packing Bonelli's egg. It was, of course, not worth repeating the climb to recover it, so there it remained. This was on 16 March. Over a month later, on 19 April, I chanced to ride past the same spot, and the eagle again left the nest. Upon climbing up I saw the pointed goose's egg still in the nest, but no second eagle's egg. I confess my conscience pricked me, and I longed to take away the counterfeit egg, but to do that without a rope, and I was alone, meant a very dangerous climb. On my way down the hill I met two old friends, charcoal-burners and goatherds, who always took a lively interest in my climbs and who were much tickled at the idea of the unfortunate eagle's pertinacity in striving to hatch out a young goose. It is hardly necessary to add that they viewed me and my—to them—absurd interest in eagles and vultures and their nests as yet one more proof that every Englishman is hopelessly mad.

Now it chanced that for several days prior to 19 April the tranquillity of my remote quarters in wilder Spain had been disturbed by the irruption of two strange Englishmen who had, somehow or other, tracked me to my lair and planted themselves incontinently in a small house hard by. All sportsmen and naturalists who have travelled in wild countries will realise how unwelcome were such intruders, for there is room and enough in wild Spain for everybody, without resorting to such tactics. Protest, however, was useless, and all I could do was to make mental notes upon the manners, or rather the lack of manners, of my unwelcome neighbours.

Yet fate was all the time preparing an ample vengeance on their unsuspecting heads. For among the country folk around was an old man who had in former years acted as my arriero, or muleteer, and who in consequence had accompanied me to many of the nests I had visited. Him the strangers, in a luckless moment for them, engaged, giving him orders "to make inquiries among the goatherds" and "to offer a small reward for news of eagles' nests".

And now comes the climax of this tale. For my simple ex-muleteer, after a decent interval necessary "to make inquiries", one day gravely announced that "he had information of a nest". This was none other than the goose-hatching establishment presided over by Bonelli mère. Thither these guileless naturalists were straightway conducted by this Machiavellian muleteer, and as they neared the cliff they chanced to meet my

two old friends, the charcoal-burning goatherds, who proffered their services. "Guided by two goatherds whose flocks were grazing hard by", they gained the top of the cliff, whence they could see "a great flat nest in which was a large single egg"! The intrepid adventurer who made the descent to the nest graphically describes how, "holding up the egg to show the goatherds who had remained below" (wise men!), he "gave the signal to the men above and was quickly hauled up with the egg safe in a pocket". He adds: "It was very long and pointed, a dirty white with rusty-coloured stains, and proved to be addled".

Since these stirring events I have ridden past that eagles' crag several times, and have met the two genial "goatherds" who were accessories both before and after the fact of the transposition of the goose's egg. They and the muleteer supply links throughout the tale, and can doubtless give any further information that may be desired, save indeed the reason for that "eagle's egg" being "long and pointed" and "addled". Upon all of those matters no doubt the most direct and the best evidence must be sought from the old goose herself. But the mysteries connected with that eagles' eyrie do not end here. The proud possessor of the goose's egg, and presumably of my brass blowpipe, has published an account of his adventures in which he stated that in the following year a friend found in this same nest "a young Golden Eagle" in the middle of April. It may be of some scientific interest to record that on the 28th of that month I found a young Bonelli's Eagle in the same nest. This bird is now, as I write, alive and well in one of my aviaries at Hartford Bridge, a spot in Hampshire well known to erring motorists. But although it has moulted thrice since then it has, so far, given no indications whatever of reverting to its earlier estate of "a Golden Eagle". But I live in hope!

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SICHEL'S CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
4 June 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Sichel fails to meet the point that is being urged against him. It is not a question of the interest which his book on Sterne may have for Professor Saintsbury or for anybody else. Mr. Sichel claims to publish for the first time certain letters and documents, and he must expect that his claims (repeated again and again) will be subjected to a rigid examination. I understand that he now gives up "The Journal to Eliza". He will also be compelled to give up several letters scattered through his volume. Without attempting to present at this time a full list of these letters, I may call attention to his method of dealing with some that are very well known. On page 67 he quotes from what he calls "a new letter" from Sterne to Blake. Not to mention my own edition of Sterne's works, the letter was published by Mr. Fitzgerald in his "Life of Sterne" (Vol. I. p. 89). On page 151 he quotes from a letter as if it were a new one, and adds in a footnote that "Professor Cross, without citing the source, only gives the sentence from it relating to Swift". Of course, I did not give the source, for the letter is found in nearly every edition of Sterne's works since 1780, including Dr. Browne's. Again, Mr. Sichel quotes a brief note (p. 169) which Sterne sent to Garrick just before setting out for France in January 1762. Mr. Sichel says "this letter finds no place in the printed collections". This letter has been mentioned or quoted from in part by Fitzgerald, Traill and Sidney Lee, and was included in my edition of Sterne's Works (New York, 1904). The only novelty about the letter as it appears in Mr. Sichel's book is that it bears the superscription "Parsonage House, Coxwold, Yorkshire". The manuscript of the letter, a copy of which I have before me, has no superscription whatever. I may add that the letter was clearly written in London, and that Sterne usually, if not invariably, spells "Coxwold" instead of "Coxwold".

It is quite unnecessary to proceed further, except to say that accuracy of statement suffers severely in the process of Sichelising. Mr. Sichel confounds, for example, Selwyn the banker with George Selwyn the wit (p. 251) and Archbishop Herring with Dr. William Herring, Chancellor of the York diocese (p. 95). Mr. Sichel reiterates that he was the first to show the relationship between Mrs. Sterne and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu; but that relationship in passing from Mrs. Climençon's "Elizabeth Montagu" to Mr. Sichel's book becomes twisted as soon as Mr. Sichel remarks upon it. "Mrs. Sterne's grandmother", says Mr. Sichel, "was half-sister to Mrs. Montagu's grandfather" (p. 28). The genealogical table, as given by Mrs. Climençon and quoted by Mr. Sichel, shows that Mrs. Sterne's grandmother married as her second husband Mrs. Montagu's grandfather. The date of Sterne's last letter to Mrs. James is of some importance, as it helps one to describe in order the incidents of Yorick's last week on earth. The date is correctly given by Fitzgerald, Traill, Sidney Lee and others. Of recent writers on Sterne, Mr. Sichel is the only one to give it wrongly. Errors are certain to creep into every book based upon a variety of old sources, but the materials used by Mr. Sichel were mostly confined to books of very recent issue.

Believe me, yours very truly,
W. L. CROSS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 14 June, 1910.

SIR,—Since Mr. Sichel regards the discussion in your columns which has disproved some of the claims to originality urged in behalf of his book on Sterne as a "petty and barren controversy" and as a "tea-cup tornado", it may be possible to widen its scope to include his recent work on "Sheridan". I have no desire to list here the numerous errors in that work. Their exposure will concern chiefly the question of his own inaccuracy. A deeper question, already partly answered by the discussion about Sterne, is this: Does Mr. Sichel advance claims to originality which do not square with the facts? The answer to this question concerns others as well as Mr. Sichel. If the claims put forth in his work on Sheridan are as well founded as they are positive, Mr. Sichel should be able to meet the following questions without evasion:

(1) Will Mr. Sichel deny that in his Bibliography he indicates, by the use of asterisks, claims to have "catalogued for the first time" some eight "Editions of Sheridan's Collected Plays and Works" which are listed in "A Bibliographical Note" to my edition of "Sheridan's Major Dramas" (Ginn and Co., 1906)?

(2) Will he deny that he has entered similar claims as to various editions of "The Rivals", "The School for Scandal", and "The Critic", which I have already listed?

(3) Will he deny that he has claimed with an asterisk that Dr. Browne's edition of Sheridan is "missing in Mr. Anderson's Bibliography", although it is there given both in a two-volume and a one-volume edition?

(4) Are his omissions of no less than nine editions of "Sheridan's Collected Plays and Works" and of various editions of the separate plays which I have catalogued consistent with his claim in the preface that "the manuscripts of the plays have been collated with every known and some unknown editions"? If so, are the editions of which he makes no mention to be regarded as "known" or "unknown editions"?

(5) Does his claim in the preface that "for the first time his [Sheridan's] public career has been pursued" mean what it says, or simply that he regards his own work as so much more valuable than the accounts of Sheridan's public career in the biographies of Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders and Mr. W. Fraser Rae that these may be dismissed as negligible?

(6) Does he imply (I. 489) that he is the first to note a literary parallel to which both Mr. Sanders and I have already called attention?

In Mr. Sichel's work there is evidence of his acquaintance with that of Mr. Sanders, Mr. Rae, and Mr.

Anderson. My own edition of Sheridan was published both in London and New York, was reviewed in both places, and has been accessible in the British Museum, Bodleian, and Cambridge University Libraries. The questions which I have put deal with matters of varying importance, but they are alike in this, that they challenge definite claims made by Mr. Sichel as to the originality and thoroughness of his work. He has recently avowed in print his dislike for credit belonging elsewhere. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Sichel should either repeat without modification his original claims, or should promptly renounce them as frankly and as unequivocally as he originally urged them.

Believe me, faithfully yours,
GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

THE HERETIC PHARAOH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 29 May 1910.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW for 28 May you publish an extremely kind and flattering review of my "Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt", but your reviewer remarks that it is not certain that the mummy found in the tomb of Queen Tiy at Thebes was that of Akhnaton, and that therefore my "dedication of the book" to Theodore M. Davis, the discoverer of the bones of Akhnaton, reads like a paradox. Now, on page 282 of the book I have said that "without the vaguest shadow of a doubt" the mummy was his; and thus your reviewer is questioning a statement which was made as emphatically as words would permit.

At one time I was the only person who said that the body was that of Akhnaton, and I wrote two articles, one in "Blackwood's Magazine" and another in the "Quarterly Review", expressing this view. Now, however, the identification is admitted, I believe, by all first-class Egyptologists. Sir Gaston Maspero, for example, writes in the official account of the discovery: "I believe that the vault was originally designed for Tiy, but that Akhnaton's mummy was buried in it". ("The Tomb of Queen Tiy", p. xiv.)

May I, therefore, ask your reviewer to accept my emphatic statement as unquestionable? It does not admit of doubt, and in no way comes in the category of opinions held by one man and disputed by another. Until quite recently only a few persons were in full possession of the facts, and statements wholly incorrect were made by some whose positions gave them a hearing; but within the last few weeks the facts of the discovery have been published, and there is no longer any question as to the identification whatsoever. In my book I have interpreted these facts on pages 110-114, 184-188, 257-263, 266-267, 272-274 and 277-280, and on pages 281 and 282 they are summarised.

I am anxious that this should be clearly understood now, in order that in after years there may be no disconcerting rumours that a mistake was made by Egyptologists in the identification. Your reviewer agrees with me that we must see in Akhnaton's teaching an anticipation of Christianity; most of the reviews of my brief sketch of his life have called attention to this aspect of his religion, and all are agreed that this Pharaoh was a character worthy of the closest study both as a religious teacher and as a reformer. Thus one may expect this extraordinary man to become a well-known character, concerning whom various books will be written to replace my inadequate sketch. In after years people may wish to see or study the bones of this "the world's first idealist", and I feel that I am therefore justified in pointing out the complete certainty of their identification.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL.

[Mr. Weigall has consistently maintained that the mummy found in the tomb of Queen Tiy was that of "Akhnaton", and he is not likely to change his opinion. And he can now claim an illustrious convert in Sir Gaston Maspero, who at first suggested that it was the body of Akhnaton's son-in-law. But Mr. Theodore M. Davis remains unconvinced. And if Dr. Eliot Smith is right as to the age which he assigns

to the mummy—though, it is true, he has lately shown a little hesitation on the subject—no amount of special pleading can reconcile the early age of the deceased with the known facts of the Pharaoh's life. Mr. Weigall was not present at the opening of Akhnaton's tomb in January 1892, full details of which have unfortunately never been published. Among other objects, what were apparently fragments of the Pharaoh's mummy were found at the entrance of the tomb. The mummy found at Thebes is most probably that of the original owner of the tomb in which the relics of Akhnaton and his mother were deposited after their removal from El-Amarna.—Ed. S. R.]

"THE REAL BRITISH EMPIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

South Africa British Indian Committee,
5 Pump Court, Temple E.C.
14 June 1910.

SIR,—After an interesting perusal of your excellent article under the above heading, I may perhaps be permitted to offer the following remarks:

You very properly point out that "we cannot afford to have any falling-off in the conduct of our imperial affairs on the spot". While I am aware that your article had reference exclusively to the Crown Colonies and Dependencies, I would respectfully ask whether the same doctrine is not properly capable of even wider application? I would emphasise the word "imperial". My submission is that there has been in recent years a very appreciable and even dangerous "falling-off in the conduct of our imperial affairs on the spot", not perhaps in the Crown Colonies generally, but certainly in some of the self-governing colonies, and notably in the late colony of the Transvaal.

We have in that portion of the present Dominion of South Africa some thousands of settlers and descendants of settlers who migrated originally from our Indian dependency. Almost without exception they are the same individuals who resided there under the aegis of the late Transvaal Republic. In those days they looked to their natural protectors, the Imperial Government, to protect them from certain degrading and differential legislation which the Boer Republic saw fit to impose upon them in pursuance of its notorious colour policy as laid down in its Grondwet, whereby "there should be no equality in Church or State between white and non-whites". "The treatment of these fellow-subjects", to quote Mr. Lyttelton, "formed part of the British case against the late South African Republic" (Cd. 2239).

A period of Crown Colony Government followed the annexation of the Transvaal and the neighbouring Republic. The returned British Indian refugees found that they alone were condemned to enjoy none of the advantages of emancipation shared alike by their white fellow-subjects and aliens. The Imperial Government here, and through its representative on the spot, neglected to give effect to any of the numerous pledges, explicit and implicit, to which responsible British statesmen, notably Lords Lansdowne and Selborne, had given expression. Under Crown Colony rule the anti-Indian laws of the late Republic were rigorously enforced. The Registration Ordinance, which imposed still further degradation, was merely hung up by the Earl of Elgin pending the grant of responsible government. It was then promptly sanctioned, in spite of the reservatory clause in the new Constitution which made possible its rejection. Similarly the Transvaal Immigration Law, which, read with the Registration Law, pointedly excludes all would-be British Indian immigrants on the grounds of their race and colour.

The Transvaal Indian population is, of course, unenfranchised. It has no representatives in the Councils of South Africa; scarcely a friend. It looks to-day, as hitherto, to the Imperial Government and that Government's accredited representative on the spot for relief from the self-same disabilities, plus such as have been added since, that the Imperial Government inveighed against so wholeheartedly in the bad old Republican days. The answer they have received is a remarkable

one, and one which should "give us furiously to think". The Imperial Government claims to be powerless appreciably to assist this self-same people now that it is living under our own flag in a self-governing colony or dominion. Their former Court of Appeal is now without jurisdiction; the maxim "*ubi jus ibi remedium*" is now falsified. The status of our Indian fellow-subjects within the Empire, and their treatment in parts of that Empire where they are lawfully domiciled and in which they have acquired vested interests, is surely an imperial matter. That colonial Ministers should ignore this fact, and should prefer to regard the subject as a purely domestic concern; that His Majesty's representative on the spot should even tacitly assent to this view, does, in my humble opinion, indicate a remarkable "falling-off in the conduct of our imperial affairs on the spot".

The sufferings of this small loyal British-Indian population that have followed their abandonment have been bitter indeed. Their protest against the insulting Registration Law has cost them fine, imprisonment with hard labour and forcible deportation. Of the original 13,000, scarcely 5,000 remain. Perhaps nothing has stirred India so deeply. Steered in this way, what must eventually become the imperial ship?

Thanking you in anticipation, and apologising for length,

I am etc.,
L. W. RITCH, Hon. Secretary.

THE SLAUGHTER OF BRITISH BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Queen Anne's Gate S.W.
14 June 1910.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to say, in reply to the letter from "Goldfinch" in your last issue, that the legislative protection of rare birds lies with the County Councils, who, under the Wild Birds Protection Acts of 1894 and 1896, can obtain through the Home Secretary orders for protecting any bird in their own administrative areas?

The Council of this Society, or its Watchers Committee, are always glad to give information and help in the matter. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

L. GARDINER,
Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester, 16 June 1910.

SIR,—It would be no little protection to our birds if the authorities were more active in seeing that gun licences are taken out annually by the thousands of men who now carry guns without any licence. Since, however, Mr. Lloyd George, in a speech made not very long ago, himself countenanced this evasion of the law, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect his subordinates to interest themselves in the matter, beyond seeing that the rich man pays for his game licence.

FRANK C. H. BORRETT.

"AN OBLONG SQUARE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 14 June 1910.

SIR,—This correspondence threatens to degenerate into mere frivolousness. Mr. Kent asks me if I will "*dessiner une charge en quatre coups de bec*". The answer is in the negative, for several reasons: (1) I have not a beak; (2) seven coups would be needed if I had one; (3) if you ordered my "*dessin*" to be reproduced here it would horrify all respectable readers of your valuable paper; (4) it wouldn't be at all like; and (5) I am informed that Walcot Square has not seven but eight sides and a half. For this error I apologise. A new and more complicated situation is now created; but let us hope the main issue—whatever it may be—will not be neglected.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

REVIEWS.

EXIT ENGLISH PROSODY.

"A History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. London: Macmillan. 1910. 15s.

IN this last volume, with which Professor Saintsbury brings his remarkable work to an end, he is engaged less with general principles, which he perhaps thinks that he has sufficiently expounded in its two predecessors, than with a critical examination of the prosody of English writers from Burns to the end of the nineteenth century. There is a story of a Frenchman who visited the stockyards at Chicago, and on his return asserted that he had seen a pig put through a mincing machine and converted into sausages, and that subsequently the crank was turned in the opposite direction and the animal once more emerged, at the end at which he had gone in, intact, "mais avec un air très fâché"! Such, one may imagine, might be the feelings of some of the deceased authors who have passed under Professor Saintsbury's scalpel, if it were possible for them again to come out by the same door wherein they went. The operator of the mincing machine, if we are to believe Mr. Upton Sinclair, does not remain unaffected by the constant performance of the operation; neither does the wielder of the scalpel. For one thing, this work seems to have had a progressive effect upon his style. Twice over he favours us with a use of "ditto", which is reminiscent of Tokenhouse Yard and the auctioneer who advertised "A bronze bust of Shakespeare and a ditto dog". We find queer and unnecessary foreign importations, such as "nie pozwalam", "piece of resistance", "metroktonic", "succeeded" (a passive participle), the misuse of such a technical word as demurrer, queer little jokes such as "W. W.'s case" (meaning the case of William Wordsworth), "the other Jones—the Eben one". But one has become accustomed to such eccentricities of style in the works of persons learned in English literature.

In all this detailed dissection of recent English poets there is much that is acute, together with some things that do not convince us at all. We feel particularly grateful to the Professor for his attack on the so-called English hexameter—the most detestable of all metrical inventions. He points out with entire truth that spondees are almost non-existent in English, from which it follows that a true hexameter can rarely be constructed in that language, unless it contains five dactyls. Take, for instance, the first line of Southey's "Vision of Judgment":

"'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding".

Here the second and fourth feet are trochees and nothing else, and no amount of goodwill can convert them into spondees or the line into a hexameter. Or take the egregious verse from "Evangeline":

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar".

Here Caius may pass as a spondee, but "man was" is a trochee of quite excessive trochaicality, owing to the special stress on "man" and the cæsure. But having reached this point the author seems to think that he mends matters by calling the metre a "plain English five-foot anapaestic, with anacrusis and hypercatalexis, as in the ever-delightful verse of 'Andromeda'". But the artificial lengthening of essentially short syllables is even worse under this system of scansion than under the other.

"And | at head | of board | the great | arm-chair | of the far | mer,"

In this line, which was compounded by Longfellow and not by Ollendorff, it is sheerly impossible to make the second, third and fourth feet into spondees under an anapaestic or any other system. As to the "ever-delightful verse of 'Andromeda'", Kingsley's ruling fault seems to have been not so much the compulsory

lengthening of syllables that are naturally short as the shortening of syllables that are incredibly long.

"Downward the breeze came malignant and leapt with a howl to the water."

Here "came" is long by pronunciation and just as important in the sentence as "leapt"; yet we are supposed somehow to shorten it. If it is "the result to the ear which decides", as Professor Saintsbury says with perfect accuracy, our ear decides against this and refuses to give leave to appeal. But the author finds a "continuous rush" in

"'They'll have fleet steeds that follow', quoth young Lochinvar",

where, to our ear, the use of "steeds", the longest of long syllables and one of the most important words in the line, in the first place of an anapaest, suggests that Lochinvar's pursuers had been checked with a jolt and fallen over their destriers' necks into the nearest bog.

Professor Saintsbury's remarks on the reasons which give its peculiar impressiveness to the "In Memoriam" metre are among the most acute observations in the book, and his basting of Mrs. Browning's rhymes, which some people seek to excuse by calling them assonances, is most enjoyable. "Ruddy" and "body", "on" and "tune", and "burden" and "disregarding" are duly mentioned, but the worst of all, "angels" and "candles", is omitted. It is perhaps inevitable that, as he is writing with a prosodic purpose only, his praise of some authors, such as Swinburne and O'Shaughnessy, and his depreciation of some others, such as Meredith, should be somewhat excessive; but in the case of O'Shaughnessy, at any rate, we have failed to discover such prosodic excellence as can justify his appreciation. When he finds him rhyming "risen" with "horizon", and so surpassing Mrs. Browning in her own speciality, he gaily passes it over as "Irish in its carelessness". Neither can we follow him altogether in his remarks on English terza rima, à propos of the works of Canon Dixon. There is a good deal of truth in his statement that the necessary substitution of single for double rhymes has a considerable effect on the character of the metre, but the fact that the English writers who have employed it, and especially Canon Dixon, have been unable to write it properly by no means proves that the metre is not well suited to English poetry. Even Dante had reached Purgatory before he began to handle it with complete ease.

After all the detailed criticism of nineteenth-century authors we come across an appendix on "What is a foot?" which contains the writer's summary of the whole matter. "I do not believe that our verse rests on accent, as such. Nor do I believe that it rests on quantity in the strict sense of time. . . . English prosodic value appears to me to be determined—and equivalence to be determined likewise and consequently—by the ear. . . . The qualifications which the ear admits seem to me to be extremely various, and, like a general passport, not intrinsically sufficient without what it would be a bull to call the immediate *visa* of the ear itself." And again: "All these feet (iambus, trochee, spondee, anapaest, dactyl, tribrach) are accepted by a good English ear—as the practice of good English poets should show conclusively even to those whose ear is less delicate and receptive—as constructively *equivalent* and (subject to further limitations of construction) as *interchangeable*—capable of substitution. But English admits this process with greater freedom than does either of the classical languages, though by no means indiscriminately; and, in particular, it possesses a property and privilege which seems to have been unknown to them, that of accepting—not so often as to create confusion, but by no means as a mere exception—*silence for sound*, the pause half-foot or even foot as a recognised expletive of the line." Having thus recovered from the learned author the invaluable liberty of private judgment, we can cease for the future to employ the "recognised expletives" which are so constantly

in use when rival systems of prosody are being discussed, and can carry back our "good English ear" to our good English poets with the sure and certain trust that the kingdom of prosody is within us.

A JOURNALIST ON NIGGERS.

"Through Afro-America: an English Reading of the Race Problem." By William Archer. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 10s. 6d.

MR. ARCHER is the last man in the world we should have expected to busy himself with the "negro problem" of America. But he is an imperialist before he is critic or aught else, and frankly tells us at the outset that, because of his conviction that racial adjustment is one of the two or three most urgent problems of the near future that must be met in Africa no less than in America, he determined in a rare interval of leisure to see for himself what were the actual conditions in the Southern States of America, where the "problem presented itself in its acutest and most fully developed form". Mr. Archer expressly disclaims anything akin to "authority", and it seems to us, though we differ sharply from him on more than one point, that he has set down with absolute sincerity both what he saw and more of what he heard in his many interviews with all sorts and conditions of men. In fact the Southerner might object that he talked over matters too much with the "coloured brother" and too little with the white man (which certainly ought to score with pronounced negrophils); but before he set out on his tour of first-hand observation he had evidently read widely in his subject and pondered on its problems, and thus managed to keep a level head during his varied experiences. So it is that, despite the impassioned invectives of the coloured Demosthenes whom Mr. Archer met in Louisville, and the pessimistic utterances of "Professor" Du Bois and other negro "publicists", his common sense never deserts him, and, to our mind, his conclusions are, with few exceptions, sound and temperate.

He recognises the absurdity of "Professor" Du Bois' aspiration for his race of perfect equality with the whites—not only economic, political equality, but social and intellectual—and sees the best chance for the uplifting of the negro in what he calls the "Gospel of the Tooth-brush", advocated by Booker Washington (whom Du Bois hates most thoroughly), and inculcated by him in his great industrial school at Tuskegee, Alabama. This gospel requires "an unresentful acceptance of outward conditions and unquestioning measurement of success by material standards. And yet not wholly material. The formation and maintenance of the 'home'—the home connoting to the negro mind not only pecuniary well-being, but decency, morality, education, and a certain standard of refinement". He has the courage to avow frankly, in the teeth of the "sublimated strains" of "advanced thought", discoursed by such maestros as Professor Royce of Harvard, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Sir Sydney Olivier, his own racial antipathy ("prehistoric and inveterate"), and declares without hesitation his belief that "however unwise in much of her talk and her action, the South is in the main animated by a just and far-feeling, if not far-seeing, instinct" in her inexpugnable determination to preserve her racial integrity untainted. "It may be a great pity", he says, "that Nature implanted race instincts deep in our breasts—Nature has done so many thoughtless things in her day. But there they are, not to be ignored or sentimentalised away. They are part of the stuff of human character, out of which the future must be shaped. What I think about the colour-question must be superficial and may be foolish, but there is a certain evidential value in what I feel." A long day's journey in the train through "the black belt" of Mississippi convinced him of the absolute necessity of the "Jim Crow Car", as the long railway carriages are called in which all negroes in the Southern States

must ride separated from the whites. We may observe here that nothing has excited more virulent language on the part of the self-righteous doctrinaires of the North than this compulsory separation of the races in all public conveyances, and yet it is a fact, beyond successful contradiction, that no negro could to-day obtain food or lodging in any high-grade hotel in New York or Philadelphia, nor would be allowed to sit in the stalls at one of their fashionable theatres—nay more, not even in the pews of their white churches. The truth of the matter is that there is far less race-antipathy in the South than in the North, where certain well-known editors (of the old abolition strain) and doctrinaire college professors, imposing in all the ghostly glitter of "skeleton spectacles", denounce in Sinaitic thunder the arrogance and barbarism of the South; while elderly females (with frocks badly "hooked in the back") expatiate at their "Chatauquas" (summer schools) on the manifest advantages of "miscegenation", a subject which seems to have a peculiar fascination for these "short-haired schoolmarms" with all its morbid and unclean suggestiveness.

Mr. Archer has "a very high respect" for the wisdom of Mr. H. G. Wells (to whom he inscribes this volume in a neatly turned dedication), whose "pronouncements", however, he takes great pains to refute. Much may, of course, be pardoned the eccentricities of personal friendship, but the refutation strikes us as a sad waste of time. Mr. Wells loves the negro, whom he has studied closely in Chicago music-halls. Of the various solutions of the problem that have been offered, Mr. Archer favours the geographical segregation of the negro race within the limits of the United States—the formation of a new State, where all the negroes should be concentrated and in which it should be "a fundamental principle that no white man could vote or hold office, while, reciprocally, no coloured man could vote or hold office in the white States". We do not believe that the negro, with his strong local attachments, would ever migrate to such a State. Even in the old days of slavery, when his master in Virginia gave him his freedom, put money in his pocket to begin life anew, and offered to pay his passage-money out to the "Free Republic of Liberia", he stubbornly refused to budge. Nor could the various States "forcibly evict" him, even "after the lapse of five-and-twenty years", as Mr. Archer seems to think.

GLADSTONE AS CHURCHMAN.

"William Ewart Gladstone: Correspondence on Church and Religion." Edited by D. C. Lathbury. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1910. 24s. net.

MR. LATHBURY has done his countrymen a service; but this service is marred by his perverse and partisan inability to credit the Churchmen who could not follow Gladstone into the Liberationist camp with any but sordid and contemptible motives. When Gladstone in 1838, in his high Tory days, inquired whether the connexion of Church and Realm was worth preserving, and answered that it was, "to the majority of Churchmen", Mr. Lathbury writes, "this must have seemed a wholly unnecessary question. Anything in the nature of property and privilege must be worth preserving. And, so long as they were allowed to keep all they possessed, they saw no harm in the doctrine that the Church established by law was to be maintained for its truth". At a later date the High Church Conservatives, who found they could not vote for Gladstone's re-election for Oxford, are described as ignoble Establishmentarians who valued civil privilege and loaves and fishes above spiritual liberty. "The kind of piety which would rather see the Church poor and free than rich and in chains did not appeal to them", though among these miserable creatures, holding "the servile doctrine that religion cannot live but by aid of Parliament", were Heathcote, Denison and Pusey! Gladstone himself ascribed his defeat to the triumph

of gold, the pledge of slavery, over faith, an expression which became a favourite with him. Now, even if those who could not walk with him in Liberationist paths, such as Church or Roundell Palmer, prized the inherited endowments of the Church, they may surely have considered the confiscation of those endowments as (in Gladstone's own words) "robbing God of His honour and the poor of their right". However, it is monstrous to represent the question as one mainly about money or privilege. "The process", wrote Gladstone to Manning, "which I am now actively engaged in carrying on is a process of lowering the religious tone of the State, letting it down, demoralising it—i.e. stripping it of its ethical character and assisting its transition into one which is mechanical." The admission of Jews to Parliament, he grants to Manning, "is a decided note of retrogression in the matter of that text 'The kingdoms of the world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ'". But it was inevitable that the theory of civil institutions should be lowered if falsehood and imposture were to be avoided. He granted to Lord Shaftesbury the duty of national homage to God. In a democracy, however, especially one hopelessly divided in belief, a corporate religion becomes a make-believe and a peril to the faith.

Gladstone's new standpoint may have been very noble and exalted, but his opponents only stood to-day where he had stood yesterday. They still thought the State could be kept Christian; he did not. Supposing him right, yet the aureole of overpowering moral superiority with which it has been the fashion to invest him is cheap and pharisaic. Take the Bradlaugh case, which is usually misrepresented. The issue was not whether blasphemous atheists ought to sit in the Legislature, but whether, when a man had publicly and defiantly declared that the statutory oath had no binding effect on him, the House ought to allow him in its presence to go through a profane and confessedly empty form. Gladstone is usually praised for his eloquent demonstration that it was no affair of the House of Commons—*deorum injuriæ dis curæ*—and for his noble defence of freedom, he being an earnest Christian. But no one praises Sir Stafford Northcote, also an earnest Christian, whose task was a much more painful and invidious one. There is too much spirituality about at popular prices, and appreciation of Gladstone's character is injured by the Pecksniffian superciliousness which sneers at mere "Church defenders". When he was himself one of them in the Commons he declared that, in spite of the depressing parliamentary standard, the feeblest appeal to the "pure principle" of Church and State had only to be recognised by his side of the House to be "honestly, warmly, loyally responded to by a class of men either religious or at least high-minded". Obviously the national maintenance of a Church for its truth is the antithesis of Liberal doctrine. Liberals hold that Government has no concern with religious truth, and Whigs like Lord Rosebery hold that it maintains a Church as it maintains an army, a navy, or a police force.

But the higher the ideal of a ghostly interpenetration of Church and State which a Christian holds, the more urgent he will be for their severance when the consecrated bond becomes a manacle, and a half-Christianised State tries—it is doing so at this moment as regards marriage—to force the Divine Society down to its own level. Accordingly separation was demanded, at any rate at one time, by high Tories like Keble, Hurrell Froude and Denison. And this—though he held in 1837 that "the road from separation of Church and State to atheism is broad and open"—was Gladstone's own slowly accepted standpoint. Rulers could no longer be the Church's nursing-fathers. National apostasy had begun. The State was passing from the old conception of a divinely organised family to the modern conception of a mere voluntary club. He had "clung to the notion of a conscience, a Catholic conscience, in the State". But "the ancient principle of reverence to truth, the supreme law of the State in its higher condition", was being "crossed and intercepted by the law of representation and equality of

claims according to number and will—the supreme law of the State in its lower condition, when the hand of Death is palsying it". In 1837 the "blessed calling" of a statesman is to "apply the searching test of Christian-Catholic principles" to legislation. A few years later he vows his political life instead to making the Church free. After all, a Church's first duty is not to be national, but to be pure. But he foresees that, in helping to "separate the work of the State from the work of Christian faith" he will be denounced as a traitor.

The way in which Gladstone carried out his vow is horribly disillusioning, but he hardly proved a traitor—only an opportunist—and his disestablishing of the Church of Ireland—which had been a stumbling-block to Church and State theorising—was not in itself an act of inconsistency. But it is absurd to maintain any *qualis ab incepto* doctrine about Gladstone, or to regard the inspired demagogue of later days as pursuing the aims and acting on the principles which glowed in the austere heart of the member for Newark. Not merely did the politics which he once described as defiling pitch become the passion of his life—though never to the exclusion of theology—but all the political ideas and associates from which he had shrunk with horror became his environment. Liberalism was Liberationist, but only because it was Secularist. It has now ceased to aim at the libera Chiesa in libero Stato, because it hopes to establish and endow Parliamentary Protestantism as the State religion on the ruins of the Church of England. Of course, there is a higher and a lower Liberalism, just as there is a noble and an earthy Toryism. But the essential Liberal idea, deriving all institutions from below, is necessarily hostile to those corporate, authoritative and mystical conceptions of life which had fired the dreams of the earlier and Catholic Gladstone. He complained that High Church Oxford had failed to teach him the value of liberty. The old individualistic Manchester strain in him came to the top. He became a Liberal, the colleague of Lowe and Harcourt and Dilke and Labouchere, the darling of the Memorial Hall. The city towards which he had pitched his tent with Lot-like searchings of heart soon has him sitting in its gate as its chief magistrate. The Galahad-like emancipator of the Church becomes the champion of popular liberties and rights of man. The "last man in a sinking ship", as he described himself in 1845, is transformed into the idol of the multitude, the people's William, pledged to execute the people's will. To be sure, he claimed in 1868 that "it is chiefly by retaining the confidence of the Liberal party that any good is to be done to the Church in its highest interests". That party did not mistrust him as he thought it might have done. And certainly the reconciliation of the better Liberalism with Churchmanship, of the new age with the old, would have been a fine achievement. But it cannot be said that Gladstone did this, or honestly tried to. His private influence and personal example were always on the side of his religion, and these Letters contain much that is elevating to read and remember. But Gladstone left the Liberal party as hostile to historic Christianity as he found it. It had tolerated his Churchmanship as an amiable and respectable freak, but it was uninfluenced by it. That party-perpetual phenomenon the Ritualist Liberal, now becoming extinct or only surviving in the Socialist form which Gladstone detested, could always be trusted to vote with his party rather than his Church—e.g. on the schools question. Nor did Gladstone's great design of emancipating the Church ever come to much. The Church received some good turns from him, as she bore some things from him which it was hard to forgive. But, whether through the opposition of the Liberals or the stupidity of Churchmen themselves, the restoration to the Church of liberties did not proceed *pari passu* with the demolition of her constitutional privileges. Thus, for the abolition of Church rates and of the civil powers of the vestry by the Parish Councils Act the Church may truly be thankful. But she is still saddled with a ratepayer and non-Christian franchise. Nor did Gladstone's earlier anger at the usurpation of spiritual

jurisdiction by civil tribunals bear any fruit when he was in power. The tangle of Church and State is as bad as ever. Moreover, by the irony of Fate, the Cowper-Temple undenominationalism which Gladstone sincerely hated as a moral monster was actually his own unwilling creation. He fought a good fight against divorce. Yet the general substitution throughout life of free contract for status which he did so much to forward, and his teaching, with a view to Home Rule, that without union of hearts legal conjunction is an intolerably constraining handcuff, was obviously applicable to the marriage relation also. Gladstone all through his life, by friend as well as foe, was credited with an amazing capacity for persuading himself that any view it was convenient to adopt at the moment was an eternal verity of heaven, which it was blasphemy to question. We have always thought that there was a remarkable resemblance, both moral and physical, between him and John Wesley. In both cases there was the same unbending loftiness of feeling, the same sincere devoutness, the same hardness and endurance, the same commanding imperiousness and impatience of opposition, the same wilfulness and claim for the good man, when thwarted, to be a law to himself. Both began as ardent High Churchmen, and believed that they continued so to extreme age. But Wesley was the parent of an immense religious schism, and Gladstone made modern Liberalism. Read the earlier chapters of Mr. Lathbury's book and then think of the Gladstone League. What a fate!

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

"Zambesia." By R. C. F. Maugham. London: Murray. 1910. 10s. net.

MR. MAUGHAM evidently possesses more than the ordinary share of South African optimism. As British Consul he has spent many years in Portuguese East Africa, and we are afraid the kindness of his Portuguese friends has sometimes clouded his better judgment. Plainly put, although the Portuguese have been more than four hundred years on the Zambesi, there is little of value to show for their occupation. Slave raiding on the river is now merely a matter of history, and can hardly be urged as an excuse for existing lethargy. To-day the Portuguese have little real share in the trade of the river basin; British and other European houses take their place, and for the smaller fry nothing can live with the frugal British Indian. So long as the Portuguese Government is content to evade its obligations by delegating administrative—nay, almost sovereign—power to large trading companies, permanent improvement is impossible.

The British admittedly understand Crown Colony government. They have tried and found wanting this trading-company method. Very few years' experience of the kind sufficed for Nigeria and British East Africa; and to-day, if only the Chartered and the British North Borneo Companies could arrange reasonable terms with the Government, Rhodesia and Borneo would soon come directly under Downing Street control. These Portuguese companies naturally look primarily to dividends. Money put into a new country takes years to bear fruit; in the meantime shareholders grow impatient, and fresh calls for capital fall flat. In addition to trying climatic and commercial conditions the Zambesi companies have allowed themselves to be saddled with such onerous administrative obligations that it is difficult to believe the home Government ever seriously intended to enforce their paper rights. These obligations certainly cannot be carried out in existing local conditions. Englishmen are puzzled why Portugal cannot govern her Zambesi territory much as our Colonial Office manages the neighbouring Central African territory or Uganda. Probably lack of the right men as officials may explain the difficulty, although the Portuguese official of to-day, as Mr. Maugham justly points out, is a better man than his predecessor of a generation ago. But his salary is still a pittance, and even most of that payable in kind, collected how, when and where

no one inquires. A conscientious official cannot possibly be a successful trader and an efficient administrator rolled into one.

We are quite unmoved by Mr. Maugham's pretty pictures and word-painting efforts. The Zambesi country, at least in the lower reaches of the river, is not, and never can be, a permanent home for white people. It is useless pretending. Whatever benefit comes out of it must be through its native races. The natural resources are certainly promising, and, properly looked after by the right kind of white official, well paid and with plenty of leave, should yield a handsome commercial return and yet give the natives prosperity and contentment.

Considering what Mr. Maugham must know of the native races, he gives us surprisingly little information. His sketch is superficial, and might do equally well for almost any South African tribe. A few facts are far more useful for students of ethnology than pages of not very new moralising. The chapters on the zoology and botany of the country are much more to the point, and should be useful to students and travellers.

British pride will be gratified by finding that the two most promising undertakings in the Zambesi basin, the Sena sugar factory and the Lawley concession at Guara-Guara for the growth of rubber, cotton, and sugar, are entirely English. We are struck by Mr. Maugham's remarks on the Franciscan and other Roman Catholic settlements. The members of these orders talk little and teach much, and mainly by example. They have excellent experimental stations, and are doing a great deal for the agriculture and commerce of the country. They appear to be the most successful missionaries in South Africa.

NOVELS.

"Daisy's Aunt." By E. F. Benson. London: Nelson. 1910. 2s.

There is a tale told of a man who went mad because he could not imagine how he would behave if he were a bird. The plot, such as it is, of Mr. Benson's story seems to depend on a similar strained conception of contingencies. A lady, who appears in all other respects as a moral and refined person, cannot tell the disagreeable truth to a man because it might result in her having to tell it to the girl he wants to marry; so she sets herself instead, in the presence of the man to whom she is engaged, to win his permanent affections and an offer of marriage in order to prove to the girl, though she knew it already, what a light of love he is. Having succeeded in this graceful project, which of course has merely an irritating effect on the girl, she proceeds to tell them both the disagreeable truth to justify her action in their extremely lenient eyes. As the objection to the marriage, which she thus prevents, is the fact that the man has, unaware, made a mistress of the girl's sister, and as he is represented as a very good fellow and a typical English gentleman, one would imagine that to acquaint him with the position would be enough to end it. That, however, is not Mr. Benson's view of the instincts of an English gentleman nor of the mode by which an English lady would deal with the difficulty of his moral insensitiveness. But since she had always the threat of enlightening the girl to fall back upon if he had to be bludgeoned into decent behaviour, and since he would, with such a mental equipment, be quite unable to conceive any objection she could feel to that enlightenment, no excuse for her unpleasant behaviour can be offered except the author's desire to make a story of it. But the story was hardly worth the making, and what might have been made of it is missed by the failure to give any sense of seriousness to its proceedings. It is told mostly by means of frothy feminine chatter which strives painfully to be smart; and shows a sterility of manipulation and an inaccuracy of observation which are matched in social matters by the author's description of the Eton and Harrow cricket match taking place in Ascot week when the laburnums were in flower. It must have been a very early cricket match or very late laburnum.

"The Wife of Altamont." By Violet Hunt. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

There is murder in this book, and the decalogue suffers. Yet there is no grand passion—nothing very exciting or heroic. Given an intelligent, fundamentally commonplace young woman; make her the centre of violent deeds; put her into wicked, romantic and impossible situations; break her heart at regular intervals—and what is the result? She will remain intelligent and commonplace, and in the end be fit and ready to marry, decently and in order, an intelligent and commonplace young man. The wife of Altamont begins as the wife of a murderer, and becomes all but the mistress of the son of the man her husband murdered. Outrageous? Not at all. Mrs. Altamont is annoyed that the Home Secretary pardons her first husband, and piqued that her lover so scrupulously respects her. Perhaps we exaggerate; but that is the fault of the author—and to her credit. She is restrained in her style; her interest in her characters is very dry; she has the eye and spirit of the analyst. Liberal discount must, as a rule, be deducted from what our modern novelists say—here the discount has to be added. The wife of Altamont is not so thin-blooded as she seems on the first acquaintance, before our values have been rearranged to fit the author's reserved and careful manner. Of course, you are never really moved by anything Mrs. Altamont does. But you are greatly curious, and mentally stimulated. We enjoyed the book for many of the things that were said; but most of all for the things that were not said.

"The Lantern of Luck." By Robert Aitken. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

This story opens with a welter of burglary, assault, elopement, and pursuit of a motor-car round New York. But when all the characters find their way to a South American republic, the interest lessens. It is not so much that Mr. Aitken's invention and ingenuity flag, as that the plot begins to remind the reader of several other sensational novels. However,

(Continued on page 796.)

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the juxtaposition of shady American financiers with a Portuguese fleet come to demand redress of a President whose country is engaged at the moment in a revolution produces some amusing situations.

"In the Wake of the Green Banner." By Eugene Paul Metour. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

The author of this novel evidently has seen the French Foreign Legion at close quarters, and can write a vivid and spirited account of desert warfare. He imagines a great Moslem jihad against the French, who are in occupation of Morocco. The garrison of Marakesh is cut to pieces, but the general's daughter escapes with a Corsican officer and an American artist (her cousin), the party being guided across spurs of the Atlas and tracts of Sahara by a renegade Berber. When they reach a French post it is only to share in a further hard-fought campaign. Critical readers will be irritated by many small slips which are odd in a writer who seems to know the country and the people. The copious Arabic in the book is of a distinctly mongrel kind—even the familiar *Call to Prayer* is distorted. Then the dialogue is in the American language—it is supposed to be spoken in French, and French translated into American jargon. Imagine a French officer saying to his men "We need that farm, fellows"! The leader of the Muhammedan revolt is one Abd-er-Rhaman (but why not Abd-ur-Rahman?), a Moorish prince who has been in British and Egyptian service and has held—unique privilege—a commission in a Gurkha cavalry regiment. Mr. Metour might just as well have put him into the Horse Marines. We have no Gurkha cavalry, and, if we had, we should certainly not put African Muhammedans in command of them.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Dead Letters." By Maurice Baring. London: Constable. 1910. 6s. net.

These letters were worth reprinting as a book. There are very few who could come off so well in this kind of thing as Mr. Maurice Baring. It was so easy to go wrong. The right degree of flippancy—or they were vulgar. The right amount of scholarship—or they were pedantic. The right degree of historical fidelity—or they were pointless. The right degree of perversity—or they were tame. Mr. Baring is seldom out in his touch. We like especially the picture of Marcus Aurelius; but we only like this more than others because we have always found Marcus Aurelius difficult to endure. The correspondence of Bacon with his literary agent as to the presentation of his plays (to be arranged by Mr. Shakespeare for the stage) is also excellent fun. Mr. Baring has had a good time in the compilation of these letters, turning history upside down and indulging himself in the wholesome irreverence which insists that the great people of history were even as ourselves. Mr. Bernard Shaw has done this before in "Caesar and Cleopatra"; but Mr. Shaw rather spoiled his own joke by taking it very seriously in a preface.

"People's Banks." By Henry W. Wolff. 3rd Edition. London: King. 1910. 6s. net.

Mr. Wolff has in this third edition of his book still more wonders to relate of the growth of People's Banks throughout Europe. In Germany in 1908 the co-operative banks lent £240,000,000 to farmers, traders, and artisans. Great Britain remains the most backward of all countries in adopting this means of placing resources in the hands of the poorest classes of producers which has accomplished results that read in Mr. Wolff's pages as a record of the marvellous. Yet take one quotation from Mr. Wolff to show how important it is that this means of employing the savings of the people in their own productive enterprises should be developed in this country. He says: "The small holders whom we are trying to create by the thousand threaten to be absolutely helpless without banks, and the Government which called them into economic being, and which has explicitly promised them co-operative banks, will incur a serious responsibility if it further allows high-stool red tape to stand between these confiding victims of its policy and the realisation of its explicit promises." Mr. Wolff describes with complete knowledge what is being done to fructify industry by People's Banks not only in Europe but in India, China, and Japan. This and his other books, which have already prepared the way for a movement here that is too long in gathering strength, might be suspected of rhapsody

if they were not so evidently founded on thorough acquaintance with the accomplished facts and sobriety of judgment. It becomes credible that "the resources of this beneficent creative power are illimitable." This third edition of the book is evidence that the British mind is not wholly unmoved by the actualities and possibilities it describes, and we expect it will wake up suddenly one of these days to demand them.

"Canada: the Land of Hope." By E. Way Elkington. London: Black. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

"A Summer on the Canadian Prairie." By G. Binnie-Clark. London: Arnold. 1910. 6s. net.

Mr. E. Way Elkington and Miss Binnie-Clark will not leave quite an identical impression of things Canadian on the mind of the reader who does not know Winnipeg and Toronto and the prairie. Miss Binnie-Clark reserves her descriptive touches mainly for the life of the farm, and her series of sketches make pleasant if not exciting reading. Mr. Elkington, on the other hand, is often excited, always emphatic. The Canadian city verges on pandemonium as he saw it, with Winnipeg the maddest and noisiest of all. In Winnipeg, he says, there is more noise than in London and New York put together. Indeed, "there is far too much of the bustle and too little real work in Canada", in his opinion. There is a tendency on the part of Canada to fashion itself on America, but "it doesn't quite get there". Miss Binnie-Clark devotes little space to the towns, but Mr. Elkington has much to say of Canadian rural life, and if on the whole he finds the Dominion "the land of hope", he is not uncritical, and indicates directions in which disappointment may lie. He winds up appropriately with Victoria, the richest city in the West, the hardest in which to make money, the city to which men grown tired in the struggle from which they have emerged triumphant, retire to rest. Mr. Elkington's book will be read with interest even by those who know Canada from Cape Breton to Vancouver.

"Warriors of Old Japan, and other Stories." By Yei Theodora Ozaki. London: Constable. 5s. net.

Madame Ozaki, Anglo-Japanese in blood, is peculiarly qualified to interpret to Europe the traditions of her country. It is a pleasant book, re-telling in a simple style romantic stories of mediæval Japan, and skilfully illustrated by Japanese artists. We doubt whether the author is quite correct in describing her book as one of folklore, elastic as that term is, for it is in the main a collection of hero-tales or sagas. The characters are supposed to be definite historical persons, in spite of the supernatural elements in their adventures. But they are stirring tales of love and war, interpreted but not transformed for Western readers, and the little volume may claim a place beside Mr. Freeman-Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan".

"The Naval Annual." Edited by T. A. Brassey. London: Griffin. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

Variety in book-keeping makes comparison of the Naval Estimates of different countries far from easy, and tables of comparative expenditure must be approached with caution. The forecast of battleship strength at the end of 1910, 1911, 1912 is not very reassuring, and we do not think the editor of the "Naval Annual" should accuse the Opposition of an attempt to make the Navy serve party purposes. Imperfectly informed persons who discern virtue in a Naval War Staff for this country find themselves taken to task by Sir Cyprian Bridge; but particularism is fashionable in the Dominions, and these people may use the argument he draws from a study of the German military and naval systems for the support of their case. Admiral Eardley-Wilmot, impressed by the losses brought about by mines during the Russo-Japanese war, in writing on types of warships expresses an opinion that dread of mines will lead eventually to a halt in dimensions. Up to the present, however, there is no sign that the war experience of the Japanese or Russians has inclined them to place limitations on size. The Admiral asks whether anyone can predict type or types, and on reading what Mr. Richardson has to say on the elements of speed in warships, and Part III., where Commander Robinson discusses Armour and Ordnance, attempts at prophecy may well seem futile. The efficiency of factors contributing to speed, disposition of guns, and fire control can only appeal to experts, but technical knowledge is not necessary to understand the chapters on the development of the German Navy and the command of the Adriatic. Mr. Leyland has written these, and his description of the new works at Wilhelmshaven offers yet one more example of German energy and perseverance. The "Annual" for 1910 shows no falling below standard, and the tables and plates reach their usual high level of merit.

For this Week's Books see page 798.



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LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE.

POWERS TO EXTEND BUSINESS AND INCREASE CAPITAL VOTED.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company was held on Tuesday last, at the registered offices, Nos. 66 and 67 Cornhill, E.C.; Mr. Vesey G. M. Holt presiding.

The General Manager (Mr. W. Aeneas Mackay) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: The circular issued with the notices of this meeting will have explained pretty fully the circumstances under which we have called you together, but I dare say you would also like a few words from me. Many other life companies have now taken powers to do other kinds of insurance, and some of them have paid very considerable sums to acquire the undertakings of other companies doing business of various descriptions; but we have come to the conclusion that, without buying any existing company, our branches are at present so well organised that they could obtain for us a very considerable amount of fire, accident, and other contingency business at reasonable cost, without any corresponding increase in our fixed charges. (Hear, hear.) In fact, so long as we are confined strictly to life business we cannot use our existing organisation to the fullest advantage. I must not be understood to say that we might not hereafter advise you to acquire some other undertaking, should a good opportunity of doing so arise; but such is not our immediate intention. In undertaking fire and contingency business we intend to do so on very conservative lines—(hear, hear)—and not under any circumstances to take what are called "hazardous risks," and I am sure you will all support us in this policy. (Hear, hear.) I do not know whether you all appreciate how great has been the progress of the Company in the past, so I dare say you will bear with me if I give you a few particulars. In 1882 the premium income was £95,600, and in 1892 it had risen to £175,400, in 1902 to £274,700, and last year it was £316,600. During the same period the life assurance and leasehold redemption funds rose from £286,700 to £2,500,300, and the total income of the Company from £106,500 to £417,600—(hear, hear)—the policies, including annuities in force, from 8,131 to 27,435; while the amount of the business in force had increased from £2,827,700 to £8,545,000, including bonus additions, the amount paid to policyholders having exceeded £3,750,000.

Now I think you will agree with me that these are remarkable results to have accomplished with a paid-up capital of only £20,000, and I think they justify us in recommending you to extend the scope of the Company's operations, and at the same time to increase the capital beyond its present very modest dimensions. The amount which the extra capital which we now propose to offer for subscription, in the first instance to the shareholders, will produce is £93,750, of which £63,750 will represent the premium on the new issue, involving no corresponding capital liability; and in case I should be asked how it is proposed to utilise that sum, I should like to say that we shall set aside so much of it as may be necessary for that purpose in establishing the new business which we propose to undertake, and in providing funds for carrying it on. The balance will be available for the further strengthening of our reserves and general position, which, as you know, were already greatly strengthened in recent years. (Hear, hear.) It may be of interest to you to know that we have made arrangements under which, on very reasonable terms, we have been able, should our proposals be adopted and receive the sanction of the Court, to secure the subscription of the whole of the capital now offered without any public issue, should any of our shareholders not see their way to take up their proportion of the new capital.

You will see that we are asking you to increase the maximum number of directors from ten to fifteen, but we have no intention at the present moment of increasing the number beyond ten, at any rate. There is no doubt, however, that a fire and contingency business will involve a considerable amount of extra labour for the board, and will probably necessitate the attendance of one or more directors at this office almost every day. Even as we are now, we find that our business makes a pretty exacting call on our time; but we do not grudge this if only we can make the Company the success which we all of us hope and believe it will be. We can safely say, at any rate, that, thanks in great measure to the ability and energy of our General Manager, Mr. Mackay—(applause)—it has never occupied so sound a position or has had better prospects before it than it has to-day. I trust, therefore, you will not consider the increase in remuneration which we are

suggesting to you excessive. I do not know that there is anything that I need add, except to say how pleased the board are at the support which their proposals have so far received; but if there are any points upon which you would like information I shall be very pleased to supply it to the best of my ability, and our solicitor is here to explain any legal points which may arise in connection with the resolution. I now beg to move: "That the Company be registered as a company limited by shares, under Section 57 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908."

Mr. W. P. Clirehugh (Deputy-Chairman) seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

The Chairman next proposed: "That each of the existing £10 shares of the Company (£2 paid) be divided into two £5 shares, upon each of which the sum of £1 shall be credited as paid up."

Mr. Clirehugh seconded the motion, which was also adopted.

The Chairman next proposed: "That the capital of the Company be increased to £300,000 by the creation of 40,000 new shares of £5 each."

Mr. Clirehugh seconded the motion, and it was approved.

The Chairman moved: "That 30,000 of such new shares shall, so soon as circumstances permit, be issued and offered for subscription in the first instance to the shareholders of the Company, under Article 40, at the price of £3 2s. 6d. per share, and that the remaining 10,000 shares shall be available for issue at such times, in such manner, and upon such terms and conditions, without reference to Article 40, as the directors may think fit, and that the directors be and they are hereby authorised to make arrangements by underwriting or otherwise for placing any new shares."

Mr. Clirehugh seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman next moved: "That the regulations contained in the printed document submitted to this meeting, and for the purpose of identification subscribed by the Chairman thereof, be and the same are hereby approved, and that such regulations be and they are hereby adopted as the articles of association of the Company (as registered with limited liability), to the exclusion of and in substitution for all the existing articles thereof."

Mr. Clirehugh also seconded this proposition, which was adopted.

The Chairman said that the Solicitor had a few remarks to make as regards resolutions 6 and 7.

The Solicitor said that these two resolutions had to be slightly altered from the form in which they were placed before the meeting, and he would explain why the alteration was necessary. There was another company called the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, the name of that company resembling closely that of the Company whose business they were met to discuss. The fire-insurance company had, by degrees, taken power to do other classes of insurance business, he believed, and they naturally felt that the words "and general" would rather impinge upon that general business which they were doing already. The board of the life-assurance company were anxious not to arouse any objection in that quarter, and in order to meet their views, so far as they could, the board of the Life Company had assented, in principle, to the adoption of the word "Association" instead of "Company," if it were necessary to alter the title at all. They would all rather get the business through without any change of name. That, however, was a matter which would rest with the Court, but if a change of name were necessary it had been decided to call the Life Assurance Company the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited."

The Chairman then moved resolution No. 6 as follows: "That, pursuant to Section 9 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, the provisions of the Company's memorandum of association, with respect to the objects of the Company, be altered by substituting for the objects set forth in the existing memorandum of association of the Company the objects set forth in the document entitled: 'Revised memorandum of association of the Company, submitted to this meeting, and for the purpose of identification signed by the Chairman of this meeting, and that the directors be and they are hereby authorised to apply to the Court to confirm this resolution under the said Act.'"

Mr. Clirehugh seconded the resolution, which was agreed to.

The Chairman next proposed: "That the name of the Company be changed to 'The London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited,' or such other name, as near thereto as possible, as the Board of Trade may approve or the Court direct, and that the directors be empowered to take all necessary steps for giving effect to this resolution."

Mr. Clirehugh seconded the motion, which was also adopted.

The Chairman said that the Solicitor of the Company hoped the business would be able to be carried through by the end of July.

On the motion of Mr. R. L. Carter, seconded by Mr. G. W. Mannering, a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors was passed, and the proceedings terminated.

The Subscription List will Close on or before the 23rd day of June, 1910.

DOMINION OF CANADA. THE MOLSONS BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1855

(Incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada).

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SUBSCRIBED AND PAID	\$3,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$3,850,000

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£15 per Share on August 2, 1910.

Payment of any instalment will be accepted in advance under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

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The Shares now offered will be fully paid up, and will entitle the holders to receive the quarterly Dividend payable in December, 1910. Interest at the same rate per annum as the quarterly Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company will be paid in October, 1910, on the instalments, calculated from the due dates.

Under the Bank Act of Canada all Shares in Canadian Banking Companies are subject to a double liability, therefore the Shares now offered carry a liability not exceeding \$100 per Share, but this liability can only be enforced in the event of the assets of the Bank being insufficient to meet its liabilities.

It will be seen from the Balance Sheet printed below that on September 30, 1909, the assets of the Bank exceeded the liabilities by over \$7,545,000. The Molsons Bank was established in 1855, and is one of the oldest Banks in Canada.

The following is a copy of the General Balance Sheet for the year ended September 30, 1909.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital, paid up	\$3,500,000.00
Reserve Fund	\$3,500,000.00*
Rebate on Notes discounted	100,000.00
Profit and Loss Account	257,769.13
116th Dividend for 1 year at 10 per cent. per annum	87,500.00
Dividends unclaimed	777.00
	3,946,046.13
Interest, Exchange, &c., reserved	265,004.10
Notes in Circulation	3,032,902.00
Balance due to Dominion Government	30,239.41
Balance due to Provincial Governments	248,550.86
Deposits not bearing Interest	4,359,171.08
Deposits bearing Interest	22,796,980.76
Due to other Banks in Canada	116,120.01
Deposits by Foreign Banks	162,887.16
Due to Agents in United Kingdom	98,435.84
	31,110,291.22
	\$38,556,337.35

ASSETS.	
Specie	\$589,870.41
Dominion Notes	2,552,977.25
	\$3,142,847.66
Deposit with the Dominion Government to secure Note Circulation	145,000.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,338,661.86
Due from other Banks in Canada	396,388.25
Due from Foreign Agents	799,820.83
Due from Agents in United Kingdom	339,574.73
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	476,269.15
Municipal, Railway, Public and other Securities	2,424,566.55
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks	3,887,213.95
	\$12,950,342.98
Bills Discounted and Current	24,307,420.88
Bills past due (estimated loss provided for)	271,423.59
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	192,581.03
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	7,783.53
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	600,000.00
Other Assets	226,785.34
	26,605,994.37
	\$38,556,337.35

* On December 31, 1909, the Reserve Fund was increased to \$3,850,000.

The following information extracted from the published Balance Sheets shows the growth of the Bank during the last 20 years:—

	1890.	1900.	1909.
Capital paid up	\$2,000,000	\$2,466,040	\$3,500,000
Reserve Fund	\$1,100,000	\$2,060,000	\$3,500,000*
Deposits of all kinds	\$6,755,608	\$12,984,223	\$27,434,842
Total Assets	\$12,092,573	\$20,569,706	\$38,556,337
Net Profits	\$229,050	\$308,128	\$493,479

* See note at foot of Balance Sheet.

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